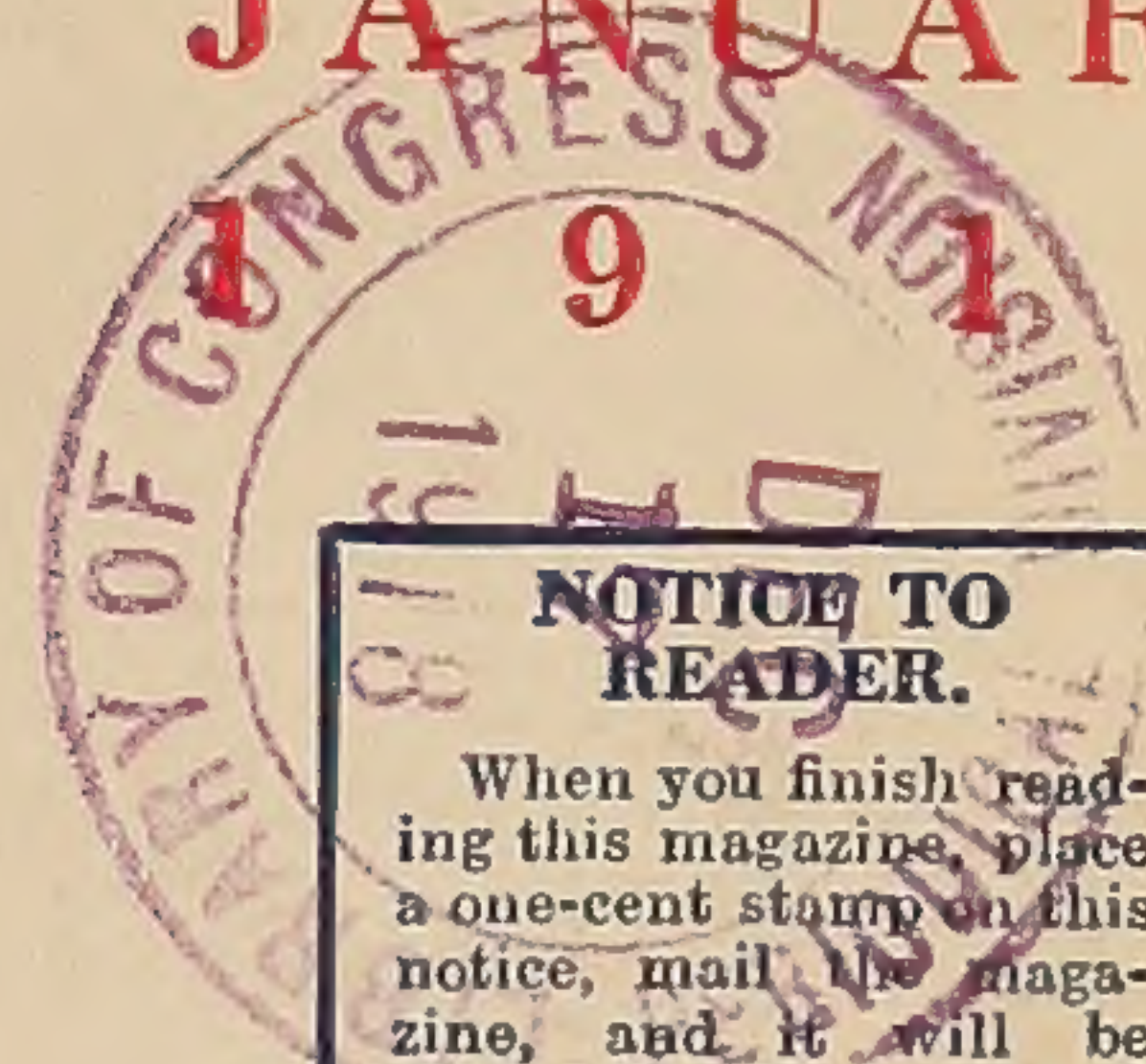


Film Fun

Price 15 Cents

JANUARY



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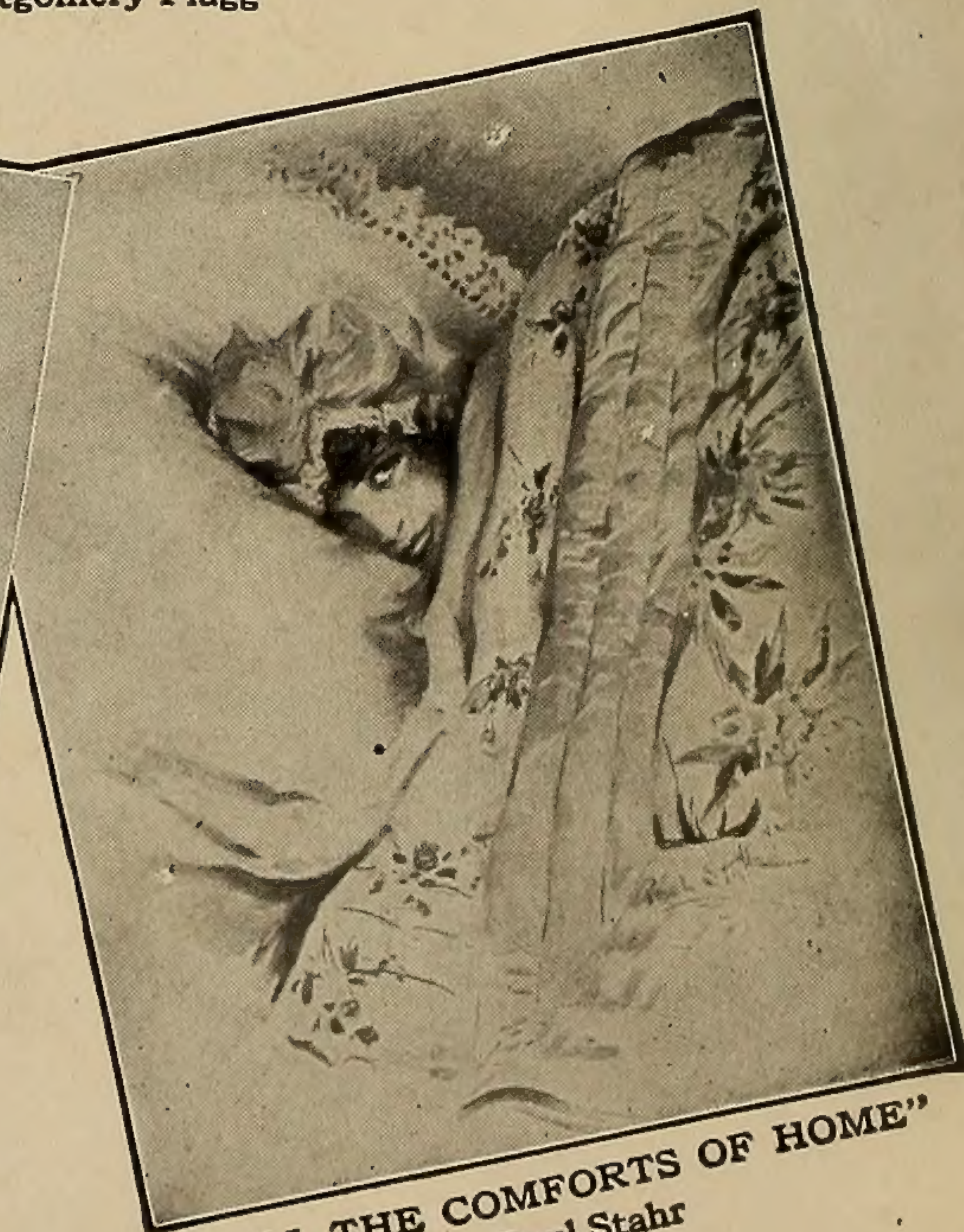
"ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?"

By James Montgomery Flagg



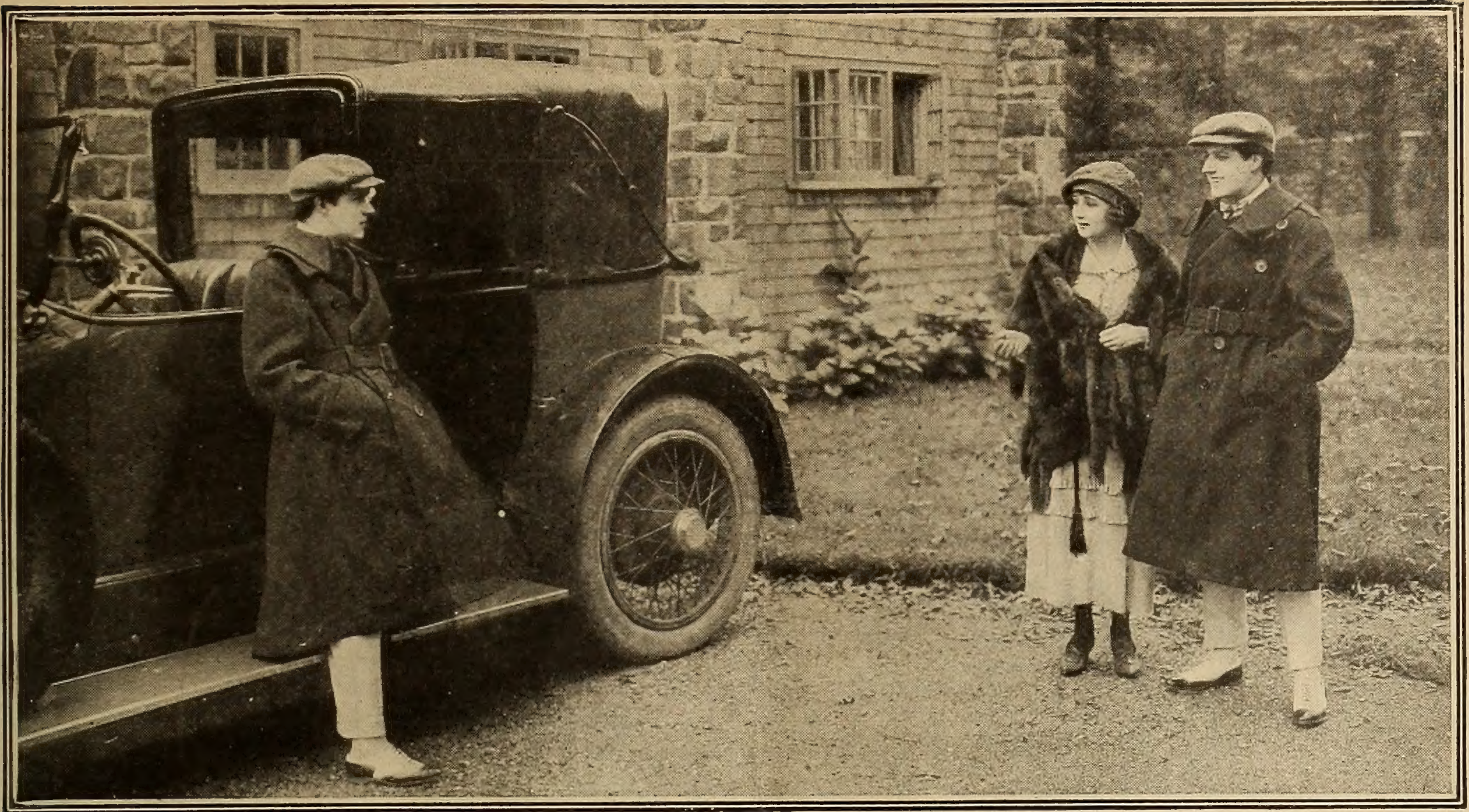
"REDDY MAID SUITS"

By Mary Lane McMillan



"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME"

By Paul Stahr



WORLD

Making a man his own rival for a lady's favor is no trick at all for a movie camera. Compare the chap on the left with the chap on the right.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists

JANUARY - 1919

C o n t e n t s

The Shrine of the Vampire	2	Stars of Screen and Stage in Roles of Mercy and Service	VERA BLOOM	16
Flashbacks	3	Illustrated by photographs		
Editorials	4	Movies from Film Fun's Screen		18
Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists"	5	Grandpa at the Movies	W. W. SHARP	19
Fort Lee Leaves for Sunny California	6	Judge Rummy Joins "Educational" Players		20
Illustrations by Will Crawford		Gladys of the Rail	HARRY HAMILTON	21
Some Shows I'd Like To See . . . DOUGLAS MALLOCH	8	An Evening's Relaxation	A. H. F.	22
Illustrations by Ralph Barton		Celebrating the Gasless Sunday		22
A Daisy with a Black Center	9	Lila Lee, Horse Tamer		24
Sessue Hayakawa in "The Temple of Dusk"	10	Wallace Reid in "Too Many Millions"		25
The Movie Comedian	11	"He Comes Up Smiling." An Interview with Douglas Fairbanks	J. N. B.	26
An Appeal to the Fuel Controller. Glossary of the Movies	12	A Very Animated Domestic Movie		28
Charlie Chaplin Minus the Make-up	13			
"Fiendish Flanagan." Flagg comedy	15			

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THE SHRINE OF THE VAMPIRE

*Louise Glaum, Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, Clara Kimball Young, Olive Thomas.
Dorothy Dalton, Olga Petrova, Pauline Frederick, Lina Cavalieri.*

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

ENID MARKEY graduated in 1912 from the Denver High School. This is mentioned just to give us a chance to slip in the wheeze that *ALL* Denver schools are high. The jography proves it.

"Mother" Mollie McConnell, beloved of all West Coast players, has a "fan" letter asking her if it is a fact that Tom Moore and Charlie Ray are twins, acting under different names. The writer adds that she "always did think they looked so much alike!" Each star claims this slanders the other worse than it does himself, but they agree that it is absolute cruelty to Mother McConnell.

The animal actors have recently been the envy of the extras at the West Coast studios. The shutdown made no difference in their pay envelope.

In Mack Sennett's Keystone camp are to be found the three homeliest men and the six most beautiful women in the film world. Can you pick 'em out?

Annette Kellerman demurely states that she doesn't like to wear clothes. Evidently she has been able to impress this fact on her director and scenario writers.

Charlie Chaplin's eccentric feet couldn't keep him from walking right into the matrimonial halter like any other man. He married Mildred Harris in Los Angeles, October 23d.

Josie Sedgwick participated in the bucking bronco contest at the Phoenix, Ariz., State Fair. To those who marveled, she said she "needed some rest after playing opposite Roy Stewart."

William Russell, at work on "Where the West Begins" when the epidemic closed the studios, just changed the title to "Where the

Rest Begins," and came back to his birthplace to play it. A host of old friends were in the cast.

The brand-new Film Clearing House has Colonel Jacob Ruppert as a director. When prohibition prevails throughout our land, they will hold this advantage over the rest of us, that they will have this live reminder of departed joy.

Several producers assembled all they could of family and friends of the Boys Over There and had them march past the camera, smiling. The film will be sent to help them keep Christmas and will serve a good purpose where Santa is belated, and there are two more reasons why the

arrangement is excellent: the boys will see the pictures, and the people who posed will *not* see them.

An exhibitor out in an Ohio town with a population of 678 sold 1,541 admissions one day, and thereupon announced that a "good war picture gets 'em where they ain't." Which ought to be good news for Pershing's Crusaders.

Director Bogaze is authority for the statement that "there's a location not ten miles from Los Angeles so rich in Irish atmosphere that even a Sinn Feiner would think it was the Land of the Shamrock." He doesn't say, but we believe it must be here that all native sons of California kiss the blarney stone.

A news item refers to "The Photoplay Class at Columbia University" and when a few have been graduated the standardizing of picture plays ought to be easy, thus making the enterprise "noble and no trouble." Oh, that Mark Twain might have been with us long enough to give motion pictures "the once over"!



MISSION PRODUCTIONS

BESSIE BARRISCALE, COW-PUNCHESS

When she learns to roll 'em with one hand the worried look will disappear.

EDITORIAL

To Keep Us in Fighting Trim

IF the return of peace is to mean much to every one of us, then every one of us must get to work in earnest at doing each our bit in harvesting the fruits of victory. Pictures will aid in all undertakings. They will show us what to do, how to do it, and will sum up results in a permanent record. Each community ought to have an up to date film loan library, so that one group may benefit from experiments of others, and insofar as desirable, new undertakings may be standardized. Pictures which show success or failure of these and similar enterprises will aid enormously. We advocate education along these lines to keep all of us 100 per cent. efficient.

Famous Plays Revived

FROM October 14th to November 18th, 1918, motion pictures ceased to move. Theaters throughout the country were closed to stop the spread of influenza, and producers and distributors agreed to suspend all activities. There followed the usual complaint about hardship, but one excellent result was a good, thorough, general overhauling and stock-taking that must prove of great benefit. The death of many leaders in the industry was sufficient to arouse, for a while at least, those who arrange for the care and comfort of patrons to the beneficent effect of fresh air in plenty, and cleanliness. No new releases being available, the theaters where showings continued were forced to program "repeats" of recent productions or reissues of old favorites, and box-office returns demonstrated that a film five years old or more draws as well as when it was first offered, if the craftsmanship is good and the story appeals to the fans. From which the conclusion may fairly be drawn that good work is of enduring worth.

Problem Plays

IF we must have problem plays, popular preference would be, just now, for the sort Edward M. Hurley has produced recently in the matter of ships. The lovelorn maiden, the like of whom has never been known in real life, defend-

ing a virtue she cannot fairly be said to possess, has gone out of fashion. Hurley, Schwab, Ryan, Hoover and every one of the men who have helped solve various war problems will cheerfully bear testimony that romance and thrills have been abundant. Problem plays such as work of this sort inspired would disarm criticism and dispose of censors and censorship problems as sunshine dispels fog.

Old Friends Are Best Friends

ONE by one stage and opera stars are yielding to the lure of the silent drama. One of the newest recruits is Marjorie Rambeau. And that like conversion is sure to be brought about, soon or late, among journalists and authors, is indicated by news lately received that Homer Croy is engaged in the making of pictures. Homer Croy used to be associate editor of *Leslie's Weekly*. Now he heads the Y. M. C. A. News Service, with headquarters in Paris. The *Overseas Weekly*, to be issued twice a week, will show in pictures taken on the spot all the activities of the American Army in France.

A Film Record of a Great Undertaking

THE Stage Women's War Relief has been awakened to the worth of motion pictures in telling the story of its great aid to the winning of the war. A series of two-reel subjects is being prepared, to tell what has been done and who helped in the doing, the doers being in the cast of the playlet

wherever that has been possible. This will become a lasting record of the accomplishment of an organization of devoted souls that began with a few earnest workers striving to do their bit, and which grew in three years to the third place among relief organizations. John W. Semler will direct the produc-

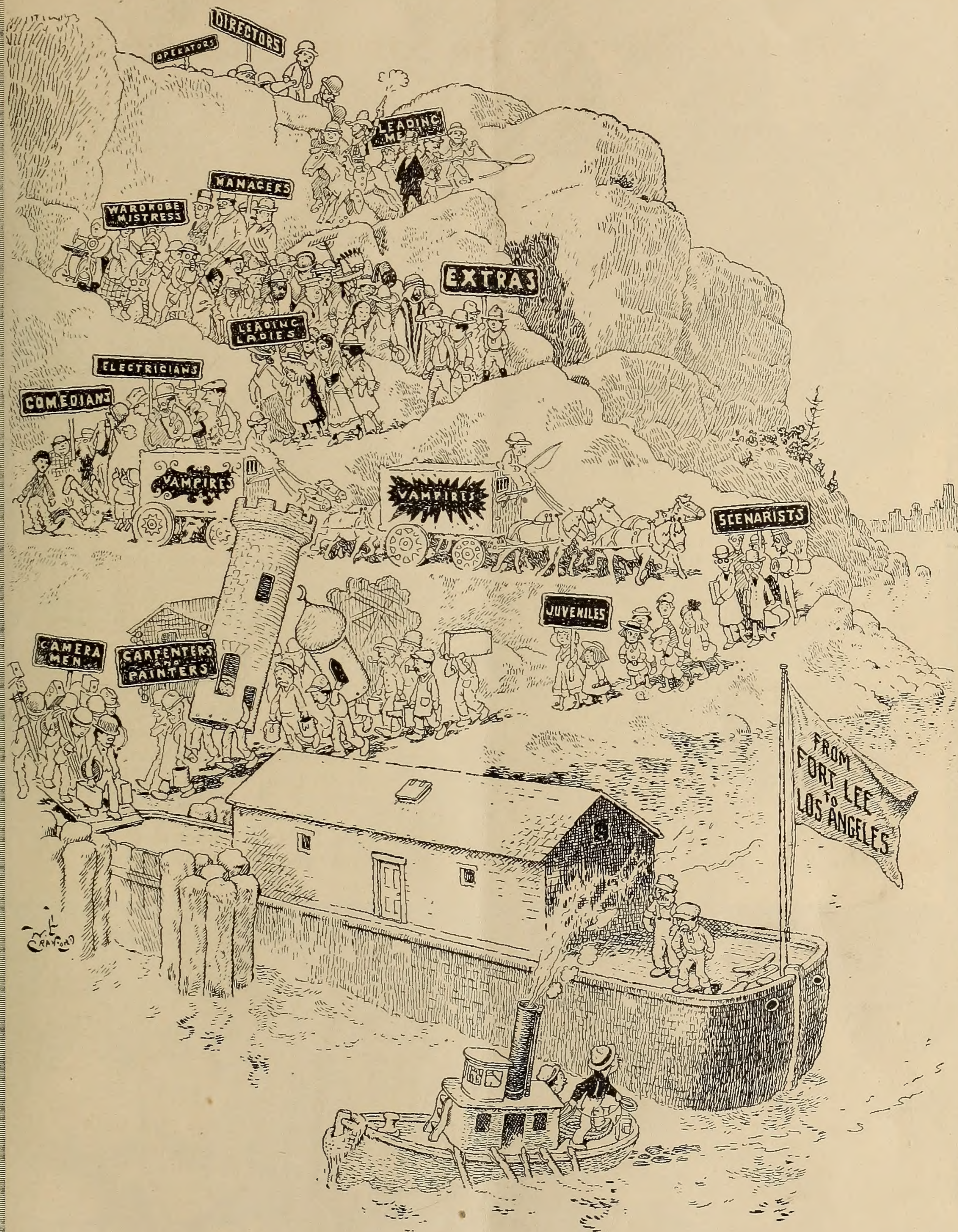
tion. The probable effect just now, so members of the organization

believe, will be to spread the spirit which has animated them. They think the elimination of non-essentials in their own lives has been the chief factor in enabling them to meet all demands.



PATHE

A sailor has a sweetheart in every port. In this case, Ruth Roland.



EXODUS OF THE FILM FOLKS FROM FORT LEE



Some Shows I'd Like to See

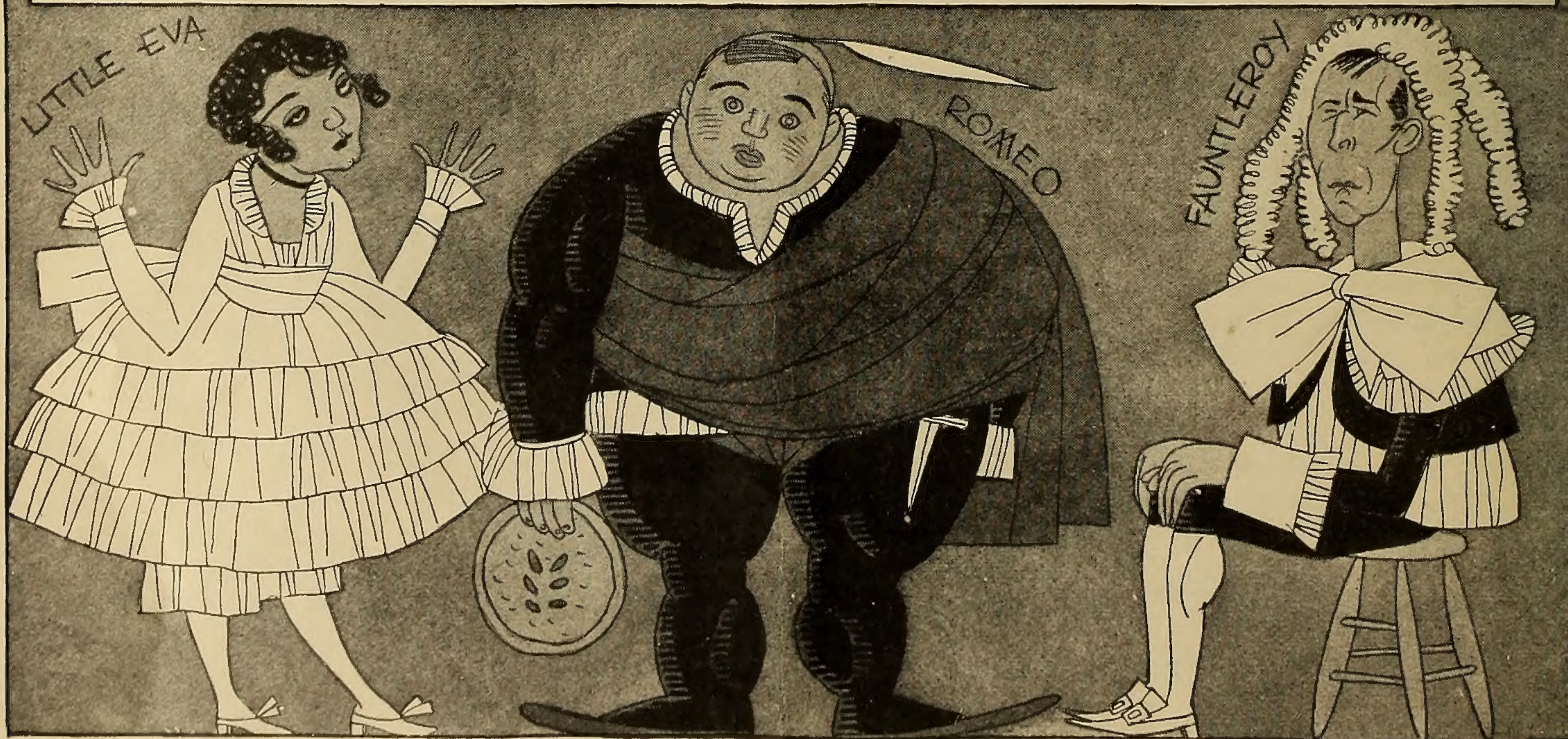
By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I'VE seen a lot of pictures in my time,
For I am what they call a "movie fan"—
Dramatic, weepy, humorous, sublime,
And every leading woman, leading man:
Yet there are one or two I'd like to lamp—
I know that it would fill my heart with joy
To see our Mary Pickford play the vamp,
And William Hart as little "Fauntleroy."

I'm sure if some producer only would
Put on a picture such as I suggest,
'T would pack the showhouse in our neighborhood
And really put it over all the rest.
There are a lot of plays I'd like to view.
My favorites have never played, in fact—
Say Theda Bara "Little Eva" do
And Charlie Chaplin "Julius Caesar" act.

The public likes some novelties in shows;
Why don't they give us what the public wants?
Producers, put on pictures such as those,
Pour forth new triumphs from your sparkling fonts.
For one the most of us would break our necks—
Polly Moran portraying "Marguerite."
"Ivan, the Terrible" by Francis X,
Would take the audience right off its feet.

Let Broncho Billy tackle "Richard III."
Ben Turpin as "Macbeth" would be some show.
And how the folks would congregate, my word!
If Fatty only gave us "Romeo."
For Shakespeare's not a bit too deep for me;
I know that "Hamlet" much would entertain;
And, most of all, I think I'd like to see
Doug Fairbanks play the melancholy Dane.





A DAISY WITH A VERY BLACK CENTER

On the petals are leading ladies of the younger movie set, twelve years old or less. In the center is Mr. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's "Kid with the watermelon smile," Sammy Morrison, who in time will become a leading colored man. Beginning at the upper right hand petal and moving to the right, the little ladies are Virginia Lee Corbin, Madge Evans, Emilia Glenister, Katherine Lee, Gloria Hope, Rosheen Glenister, and Aida Horton.

Born to the Job

Director—I've got an idea that will make me rich.

Camera Man—What is it?

Director—After the war I'm going to hire the Kaiser to do villain parts.

Plausible

"Who was it that discovered the North Pole?"

"I'll bet it was a location man for some motion picture concern."

Some Boost

Patron—That was a peach of a picture, but the subtitles appeared to follow instead of precede scenes.

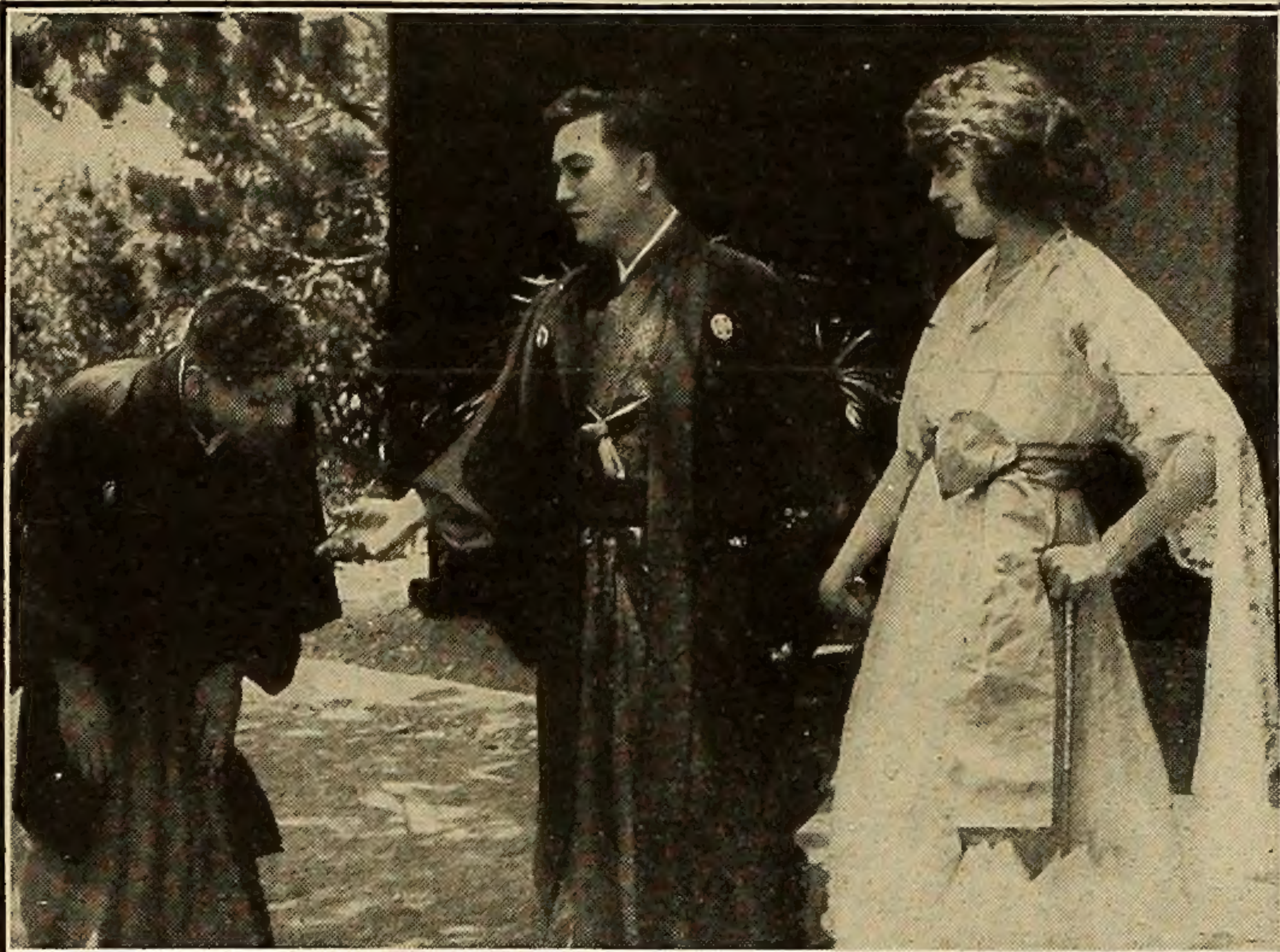
Theater Manager—Great Scott! The operator ran the picture backward!

The Last Word

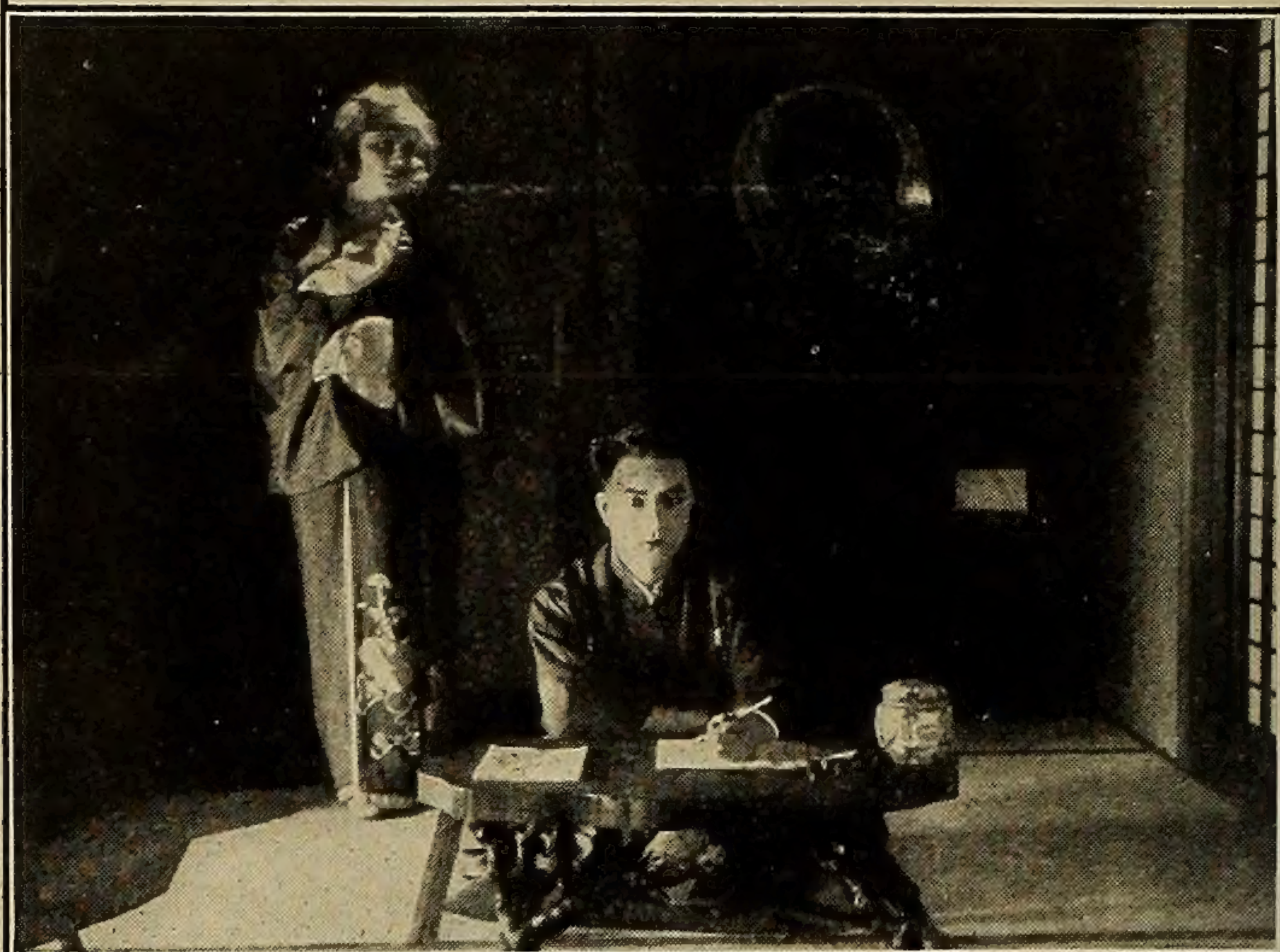
"Is that movie star very popular?"

"Popular? Why, she draws crowds when she walks down the street even in Los Angeles!"

Something in Sacrifices? Try "Temple of Dusk"



1. Akira cares for Ruth, after the death of her father, a missionary.



2. Ruth tells Akira of her love for Markham, an American.

What and Where and Why

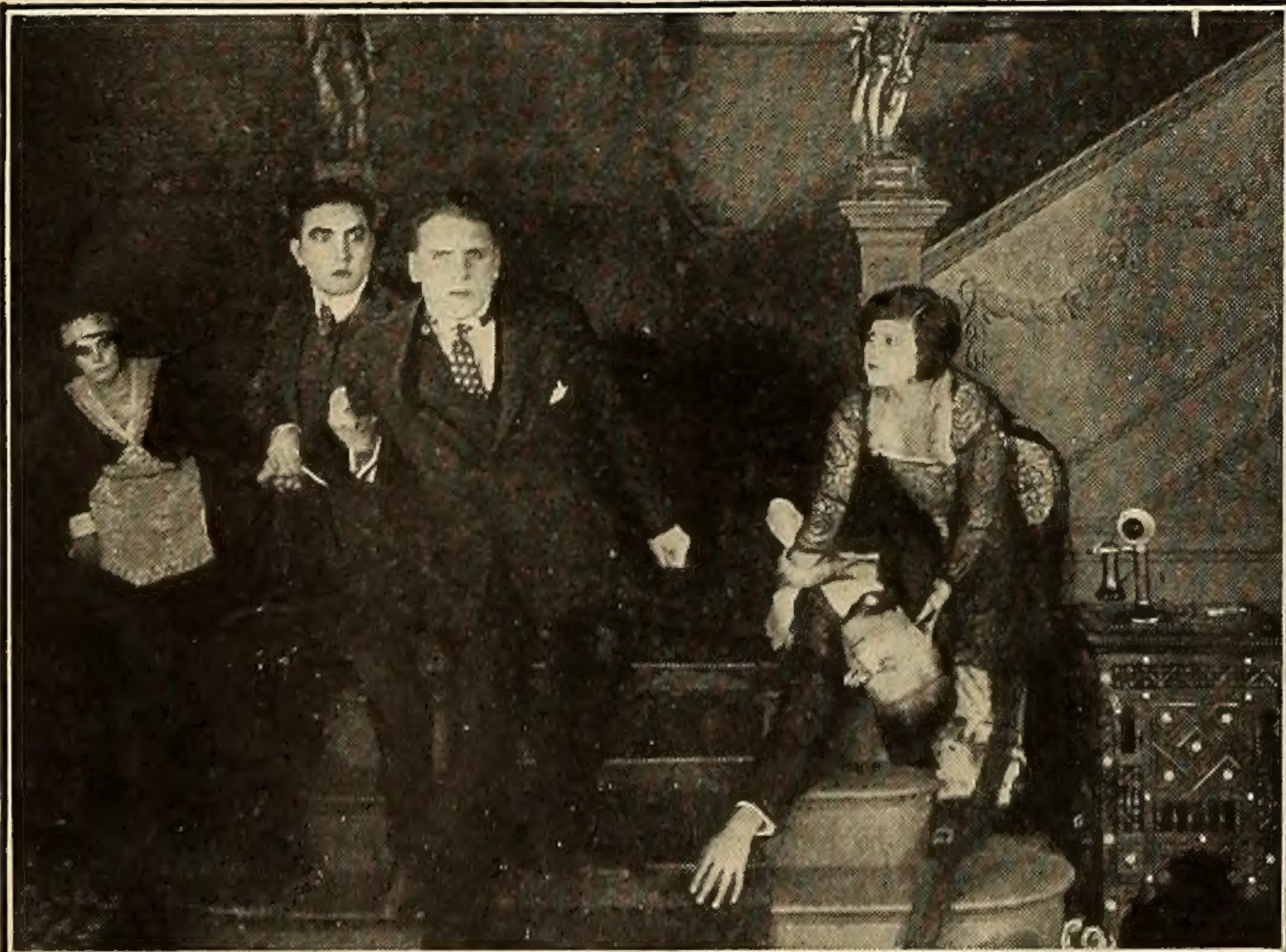
Go far enough West, and you reach the East. And the cherry buds and Japanese interiors which make so charming a setting for the opening scenes of Hayakawa's new photoplay, "The Temple of Dusk." If all Japs are built on the noble lines of Akira, the young Nippon poet, who loves the pretty American girl, Ruth Dale, and sacrifices everything for her and hers, we are wasting time worrying about a Yellow Peril. Ruth marries an American, who neglects her, and when she dies, weds again. Akira has promised to care for Ruth's child, Blossom, and he does so to the last degree, confessing to a shooting in which he had no part, in order to keep spotless the name of the baby's father.



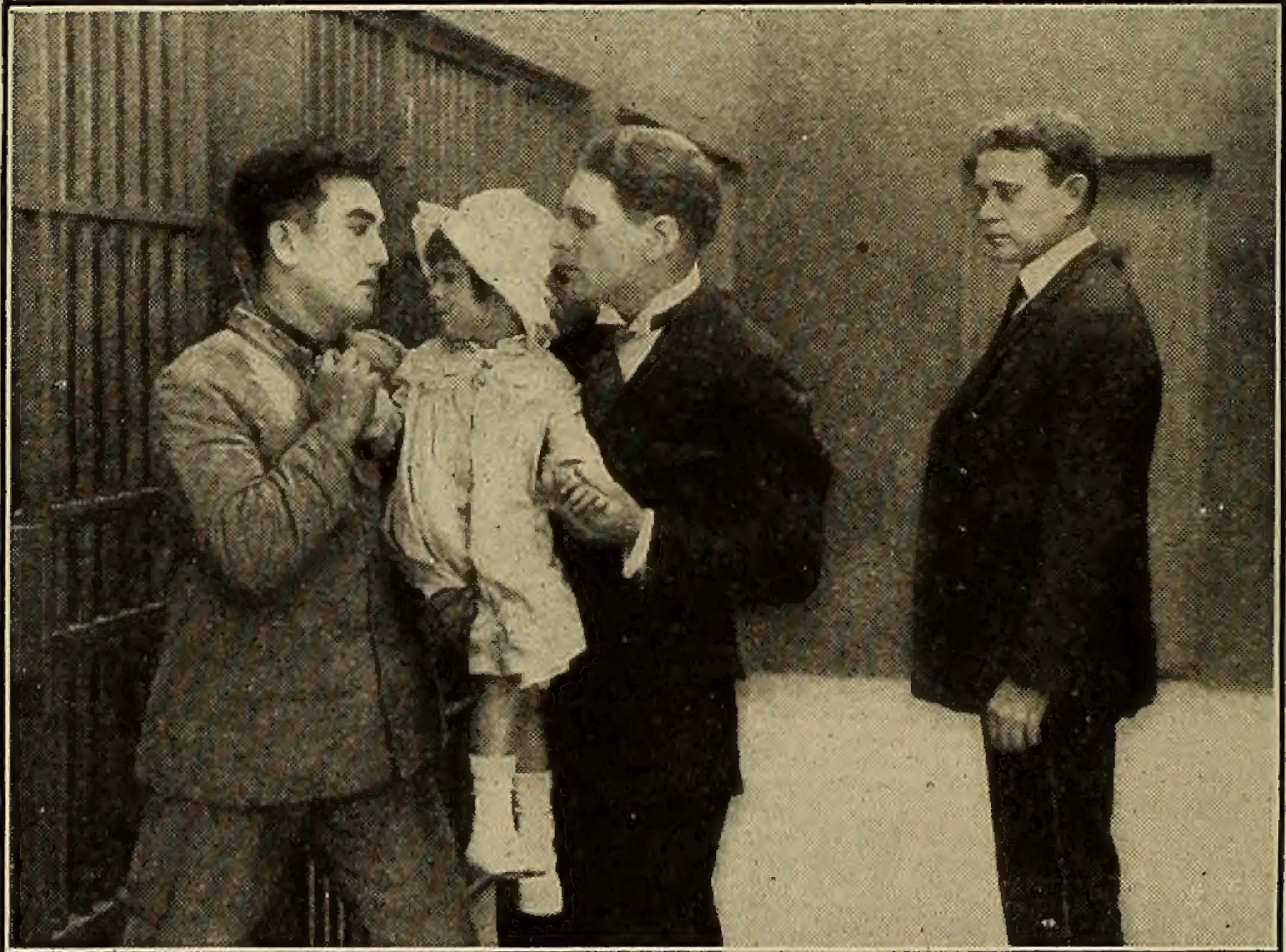
3. Akira and Blossom, both having come to America with Markham and his new wife.



4. Akira finds Markham's new wife in clandestine meeting with a former lover.



5. Akira confesses to a murder to shield Blossom's father from disgrace and punishment.



6. Akira, a sacrifice for Blossom's sake, "Playing monkey in the zoo," he tells her.

The Movie Comedian

His Daily Routine Before Going to His Art

SEVEN o'clock—Wakes and falls out of bed when combination alarm clock and garden hose go off.

Seven-ten o'clock—Shaves, lathering himself deftly with a charlotte russe.

Seven-fifteen o'clock—Morning exercise; puts on boxing gloves and knocks down wife, knocks down child, knocks down serving maid. Runs along hall to door and slides downstairs on piano.

Seven-sixteen o'clock—Returns by way of fire escape, dragging piano.

Seven-seventeen to seven-thirty o'clock—Devoted dressing and falling down. Puts on trousers and falls down. Puts on shirt and falls down. Puts on collar and tie before mirror and falls over backward on floor. Rubs off shoes with hairbrush. Fixes hair with shoebrush. Puts on coat and falls down.

Seven-thirty-one o'clock—Starts for dining room and meets serving maid with tray of breakfast dishes. Kicks tray; both fall down.

Seven-thirty-two o'clock—Enters dining-room and kisses wife and child. Kisses serving maid, who pushes him through china closet. Chases serving maid around breakfast table. Is chased, in turn, by wife. Also by child. Trips on rug and falls down.

Seven-thirty-five o'clock—Breakfast. Tears off half a loaf of bread and stuffs it in mouth with both hands. Spears seven buckwheats with a fork and douses them with vinegar. Washes face with largest buckwheat cake. Ogles serving maid and eats napkin by mistake. Spills coffee. Upsets table.

Seven-thirty-six o'clock—Chased around room by wife, by child, by serving maid. Climbs to plate rail. Plate



Fourteenth Century costumes, Twentieth Century sandwiches and tin cups. Jane and Katherine Lee, Fox babes, "on location."



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

Evidently Fatty Arbuckle has absorbed some of Thomas Mott Osborne's ideas on prison management.

rail falls. Everybody falls. Climbs on chandelier. Chandelier falls. Everybody falls.

Seven-thirty-seven o'clock—Jumps into dumbwaiter and starts to lower himself. Wife and serving maid try to pull him back. Rope breaks. Everybody falls.

Seven-thirty-nine o'clock—Wife throws overcoat, hat, cane and a kiss down dumbwaiter shaft. He proceeds through coal hole to street, thence to his day's work in the Custardpye Studios.

A Heroine in the Movies

Since the method of indicating emotion in moving picture acting is very simple, any girl can learn to play the heroine's part by following these simple instructions:

Sadness—Tremolo eyelashes; heave breast; turn head to one side; heave breast some more; shrug shoulders; more heaves.

Love—Ditto, but heave crescendo.

Excitement—Some more ditto. Heave fortissimo. Clutch the air at each side, letting it go immediately.

Danger—Clutch breast, which, as previously indicated, must continue heaving; work head from side to side; nibble at fist when situation gets desperate; clutch and heave *ad lib*.

Happiness—Tilt head backward; smile, showing teeth; kiss ring, if just engaged; don't forget to heave.

General Instructions—Practice fall'ng, running and heaving.



AN APPEAL TO THE FUEL ADMINISTRATOR

If he doesn't come across with the coal, the Mack Sennett girls will have to quit for the winter; that, or wear more clothes; in either event, a public calamity.

The Peacock and the Film Favorite



Not once upon a time, but very recently, a Movie Actor inclined an ear in the direction of Ambition. He was a very popular Movie Actor.

"I think," said the Movie Actor to Ambition, "that I shall shortly go on the legitimate stage. Millions of people have seen me; now I'll permit them to hear me. It is not right that I should withhold from them this opportunity."

Just then an Aged Peacock happened along, his feathers without gloss and his tail much resembling a superannuated feather duster.

"Listen, friend," said the Aged Peacock; "listen to me before you take the plunge. I am the peacock that old man Æsop wrote about in his Fables. My experience may be of value to you. As a youthful bird, I, too, made a hit. People came miles to see me—as they now come to see you.

"'Oh,' cried my admirers one day, 'if he would only SING! What a magnificent voice such a magnificent bird must have!'

"Whereupon I gave them of my best chest tones—and they stuffed their fingers in their ears and ran away."

Moral for peacocks and movie actors: Let well enough alone.

The Usual Way

Director—I'm afraid the star is going to leave us.

Manager—Why?

Director—She's made only ten kicks to-day.

Glossary of the Movies

Pie—Something with which to swat a man in the face. See Comedy.

Peril—Any situation which has a Chinaman in it or a man with a bandanna and earrings.

Breeze—Something which blows the heroine's hair in the garden scenes.

Shawl—Garment worn by a strange woman coming back for a glimpse of her "chee-ild."

Chee-ild—Anything under 30 that skips when it walks.

Goatee—Facial adornment for "fathers" and "colonels."

Fishing Village—A place where men make love in hip-boots.

Tree—Something to climb modestly. See Stockings. See Breeze. See Ingenue.

Boxing Gloves—Apparel for the hands, usually stuffed with scrap iron. See Comedy.

Policeman—A person who, on being kicked in the stomach, falls down humorously.

Pipe—That which heroes smoke. See Exile.

Clergyman—A male person in black clothes who raises his hand, palm outward, and looks up in the air.

Comedian—A man without a collar. See Pie. See Boxing Gloves.

Business Man—Something with white side whiskers.

Wedding—(1) An unhappy beginning. (2) A happy ending. See Goatee.

Gout—Something to step on. See Comedy.

Society Man—Any person with a tennis racquet. See Breeze.

Charlie Chaplin Minus the Make-up



Thinking it over. Charlie dispenses with the world's most celebrated mustache when talking with the studio-man about a new "set."



The day wouldn't be complete without a frolic with "Bill," the studio mascot, and Charlie's boon companion. "A Dog's Life" is a happy one at Hollywood.



With an income permitting him to indulge in fresh eggs, even in winter, Charlie prefers to get them from the original feathered packages. He is a great poultry fancier.



YOU'VE HEARD OF MOVIE "STILLS?"

Well, the stillest thing in the list of movie "stills" is an imitation of a portrait fixed "by fumes of mercury in a solution of sodium hyposulphite"—in other words, an ancient daguerreotype, as here portrayed by May Allison and Nigel de Bruiller.

Renaissance of the Improbable

UNTIL the "movies" came, the Improbable was an art, but the film writers have made of it a science. Before the advent of the cinematograph the Improbable had its Gaboriau and its Dumas; now it has its Darwins and Euclids.

The congenital pessimist, with his aureole of pseudo culture flaming around his head, bemoans the lack of probability and "artistic verity" in the incredible adventures in the two-dimensional world of the screen, but he will always return, and he is generally one of the worst "fans."

He returns because, unconsciously, he loves the improbable, the nonsensical, the fantastic, and those combinations of action that never were on sea or land or in Paris. He loves, secretly, this topsyturvy life of wholly impossible beings, because it is a release from the iron laws of life which clamp him in their vise day in and day out. He, like all of us, is a victim of the probable, the foreseen, the routine adventure.

That is, then, the greatest service that the "movies" have done. They do not depict life, but the Improbable. They amuse by their supreme absurdities.

The "movie" is the Pegasus of the crowd.

Movie Statistics

In one evening we now see sixteen announcements of forthcoming attractions, forty-eight close-ups of the leading lady, twenty-two close-ups of the leading man, twelve close-ups of a wonder child, six hundred and twenty people get into automobiles, six hundred and twenty people get out of automobiles, six eternal triangles, eleven mistreated wives, nine unappreciated husbands, eight poor girls married to lords, three murders, one hanging, sixty two pies.

Enough

An actress who's temperamental,
An actor who's handsome and vain—
That's all that is really required
To drive a director insane.

When the Director Gets Through

"Holy Smokes, are you going to sit through that picture again?"

"Yes; I've got a notion I wrote the scenario."



GOLDWYN

MAE MARSH BESIDE HERSELF.

Sometimes movie films do not move at all, as in this case.

"Fiendish Flanagan," Western Burlesque



1. *Fiendish Flanagan* is such a terror to Bitten Ear that—



2. *Mendez, the Mex,* goes to *Author Flagg* to protest.



3. *Uneeda, the dancer,* and *Mendez* despair of reforming *Fiendish*, but—

What It Is All About

James Montgomery Flagg is both author and leading bad man of "*Fiendish Flanagan*," another Bill Hart burlesque. *Fiendish* is boss of the town of Bitten Ear, shooting right and left when anyone annoys him. He keeps a saloon-dance hall, with *Dirk Mendez*, a Mexican, who is deadly afraid of him, as his partner. *Little Uneeda*, a Mexican dancer who loves *Dirk*, at last proposes that *Dirk* go to the author's studio in New York and beseech him to make *Flanagan* less fiendish. Heeding *Dirk's* pitiful plea, the author sends a pure poster girl, *Phæbe Slush*, west to reform *Flanagan*. *Phæbe* confronts *Flanagan* with a worsted motto, Love One Another, and thereafter *Fiendish* is a changed man, loving everyone, women and children first.



4. *Phoebe Slush, of Broadway,* comes with a motto, Love One Another, and does the miracle.



5. What is more, *Uneeda* proves to *Fiendish* that he has exceeded "his murder allowance for September."



6. *Flanagan* at last confesses what it was that made him "fiendish." For years he tried vainly to roll a cigarette with one hand.

IT'S utterly impossible for a man or woman to be idolized by millions, and still remain, in the public mind, just human. So when the films came along, and "Mary," "Doug," "Bill," "Charlie," "Elsie" and "Theda" became sufficient identification for their owners in every corner of the world, they became new beings—simple, natural, even blundering in their lives on the screen, but perfect, ineffable and mysterious as soon as the studio lights were off.

Then came the war, and these people, who were perfectly willing to pose as Popularity on a pedestal before, insisted on their rights as plain American patriots to do both the little things and the big, unusual ones that fortune and fame had fitted them for, even though the glamour around them was dispelled forever.

Naturally, they and the other great film favorites turned to the Stage Women's War Relief as the organization through which to do their "bits." Both at the New York headquarters, where such fine, telling and sympathetic work has been accomplished by these women of the theater that their organization now ranks as the third in the country, and at the branch in Los Angeles, where so many of the stars working on the coast can give their personal efforts, they have had equally fine results in furnishing comforts, good cheer and money for the boys at the front and in camp.

They have come in personal contact with thousands of the boys in uniform—boys who thought that heaven had come on earth when they were able to stammer a few words and receive a smile and a handclasp in return from Elsie Ferguson or Geraldine Farrar.

Miss Farrar, by the way, with her usual vivacious thoroughness, has aided every department of the Stage Women's War Relief and organized a few new ones of her own besides. She managed and appeared at the

STARS OF SCREEN AND STAGE



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Elsie Ferguson made hundreds of these wind-proof jackets for aviators, and autographed most of them "because the boys thought that added to their comfort." They are interlined with cast-off leather gloves. About a hundred a week were made and distributed.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

This traveling theater averaged \$100,000 a week in the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive. Stage and screen stars were "on the job" about twenty-four hours each day.

PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Peggy O'Neil is fitting garments made from discarded stockings and shirts on the first godson of the organization whose father is an actor-soldier in France.

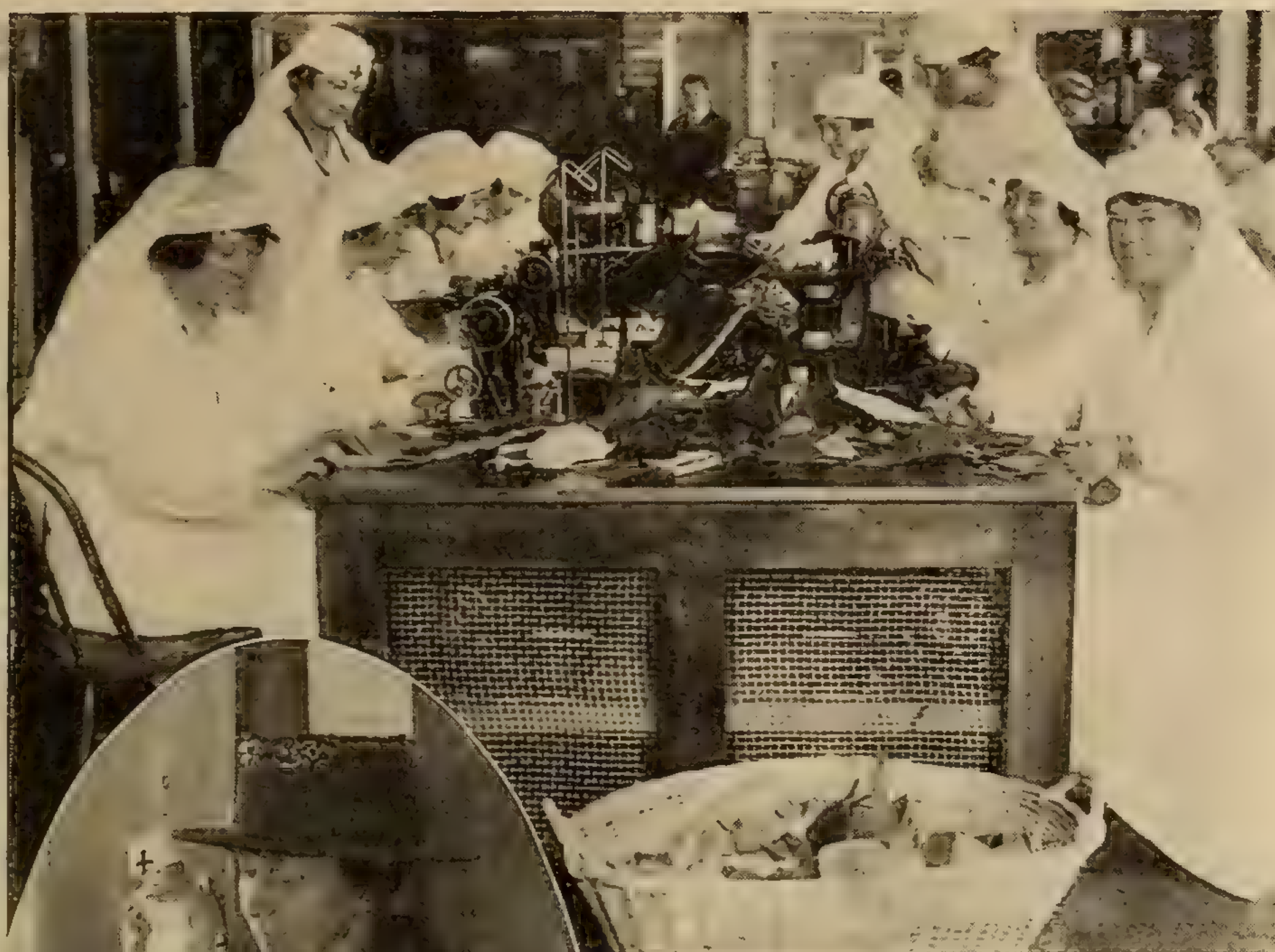
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IN ROLES OF MERCY AND SERVICE



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

ates "taking stock" of pressings. Requests late in the day forplies, were always led that day, even took all night.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

At work on wind-proof jackets. (Left) Jeanette Bageard, Frances Starr, Minnie Dupree, Elsie Ferguson, and (right) Mrs. Tom Lewis and Imojen Fairchild.



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Rachael Crothers, playwright, is president of the organization which sent two million articles to allied countries.



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Carroll McComas making a silk quilt of bright pieces for the baby department. Comforts similar to this for boys in hospitals or convalescent camps were made from scraps of velvet, silk and woolen goods, even cigarette flags and pennants.



most successful benefit the Stage Women ever gave, when the Metropolitan Opera House was crowded to the ceiling to hear, among many others, John McCormack, John Philip Sousa, George M. Cohan and the indefatigable Miss Farrar in her second act of "Madame Butterfly."

Her personal and professional wardrobes are ransacked weekly to send the most attractive costumes, hats and trinkets to the Stage Women's War Relief Jumble In-Shop, where Farrar fans can buy them at a ridiculous figure and go around in a blissful and well-dressed state of being

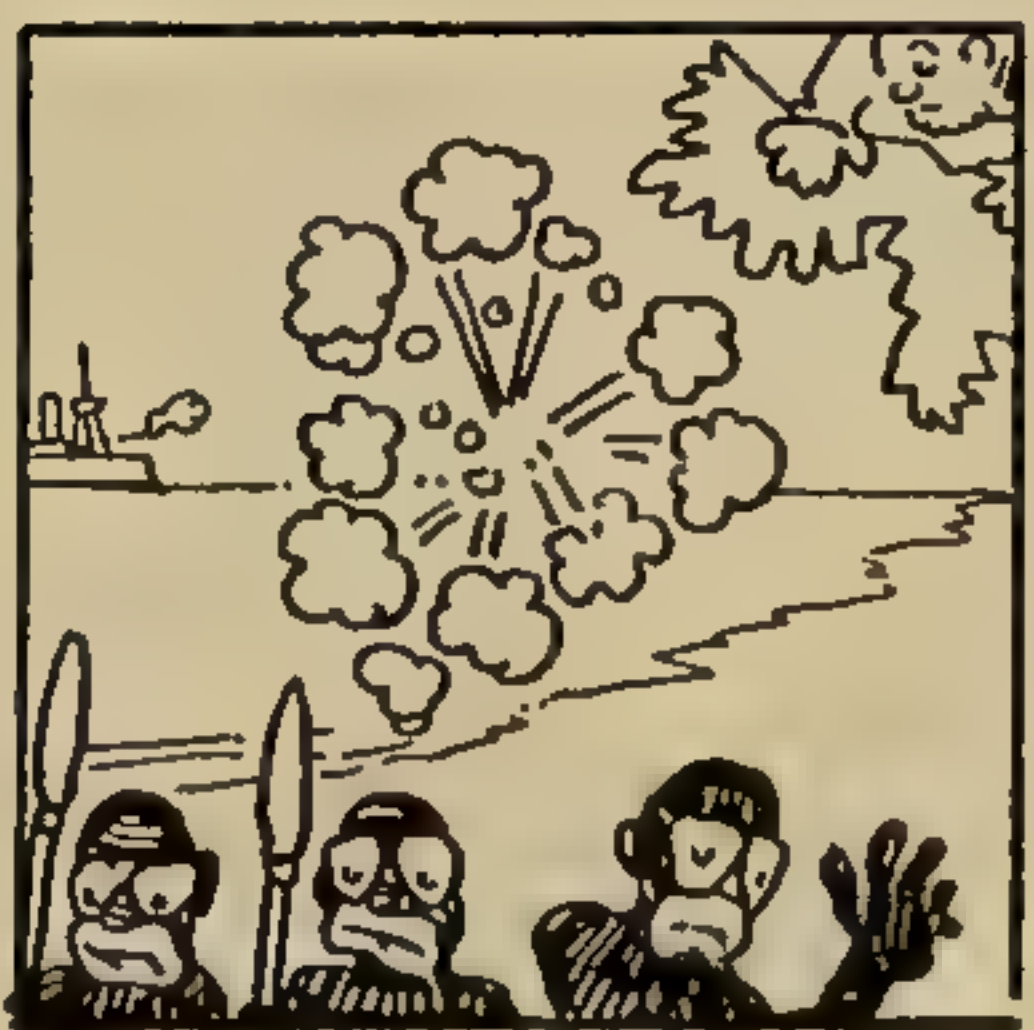
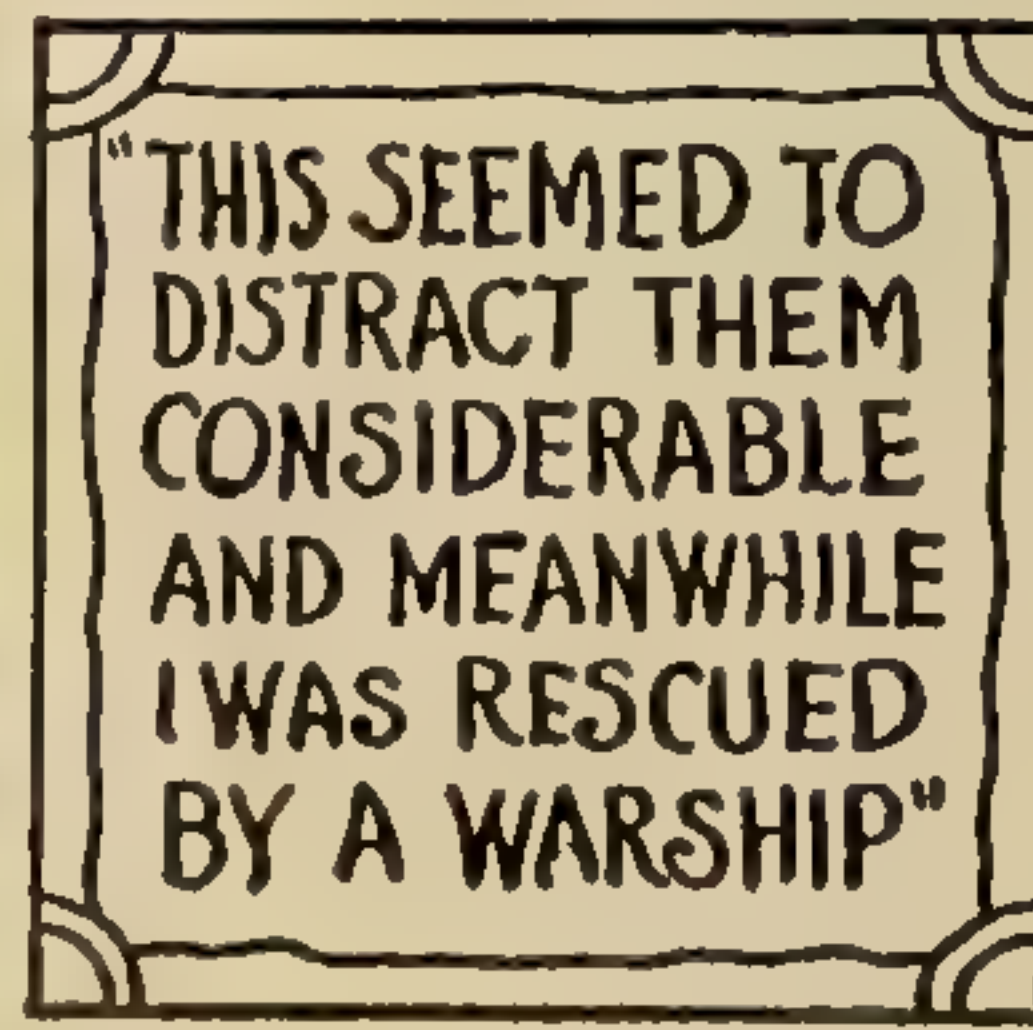
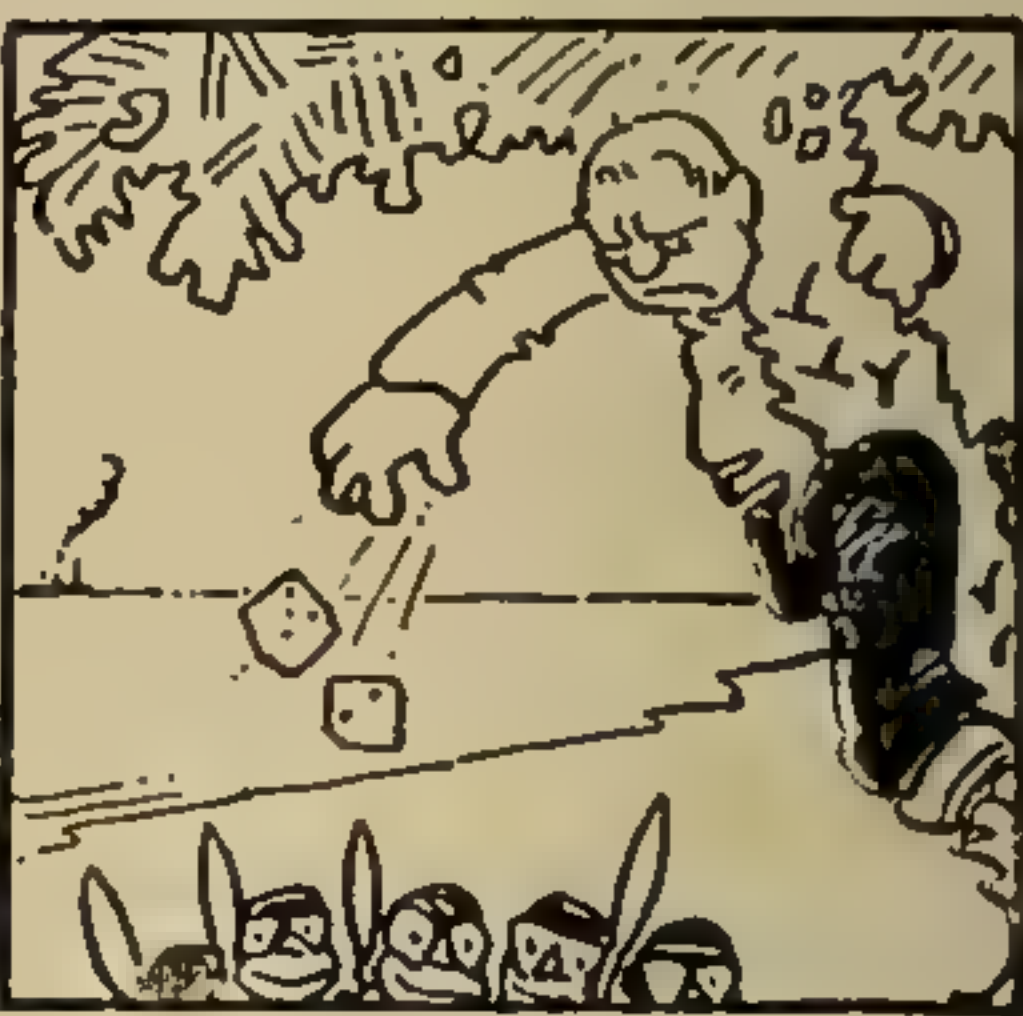
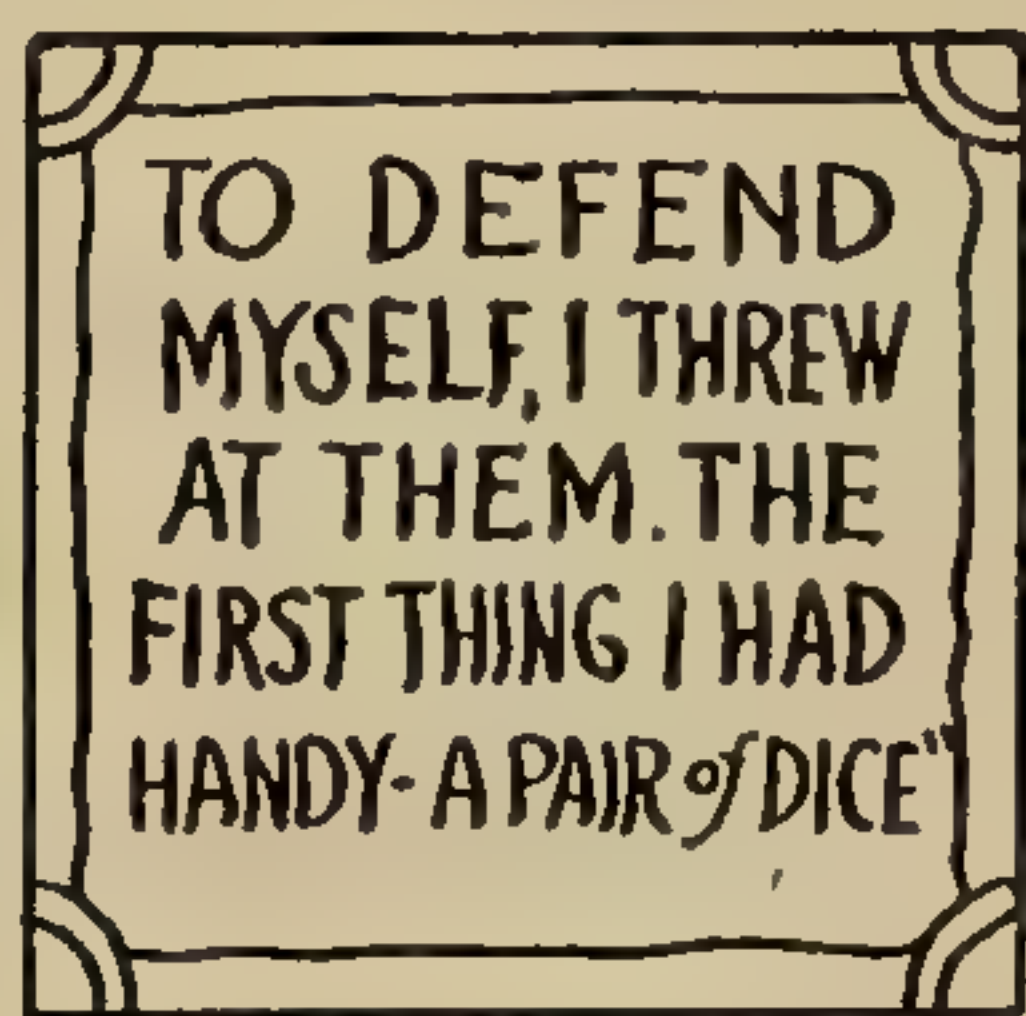
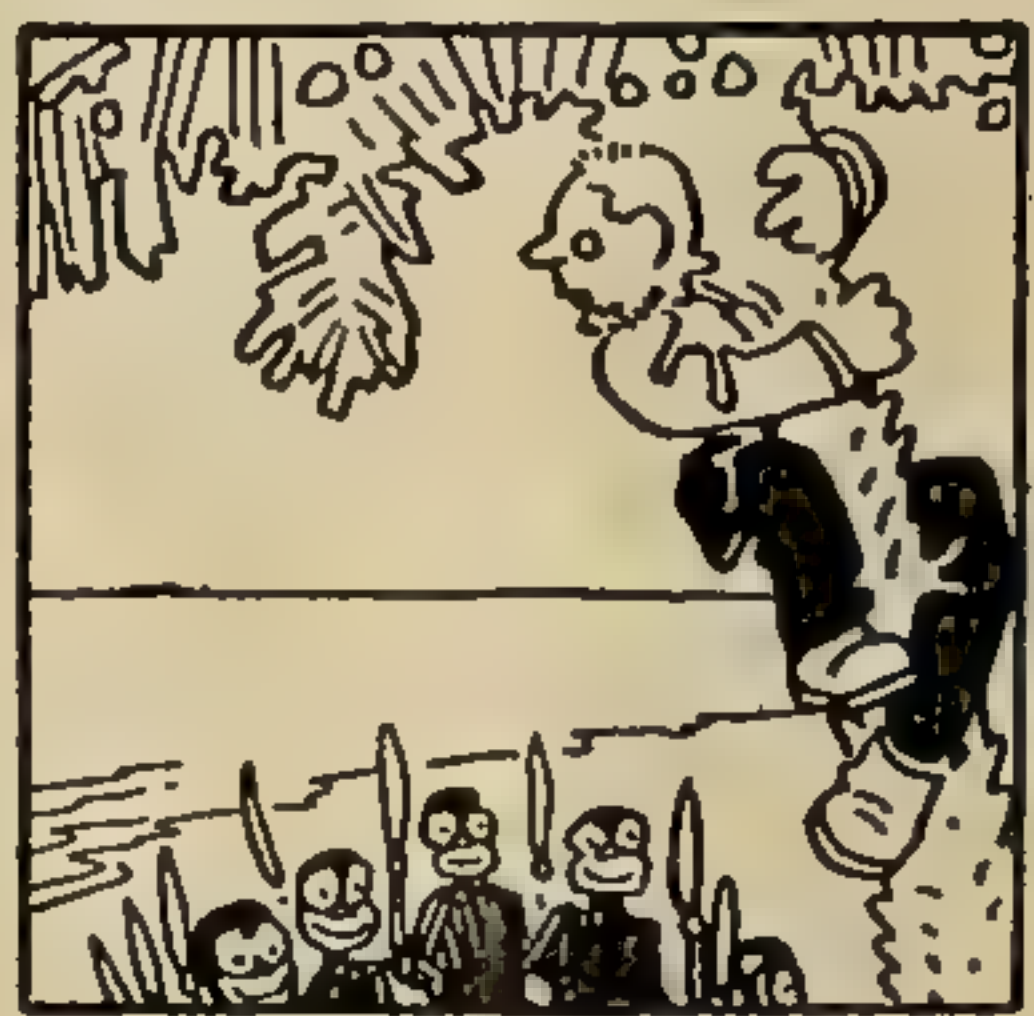
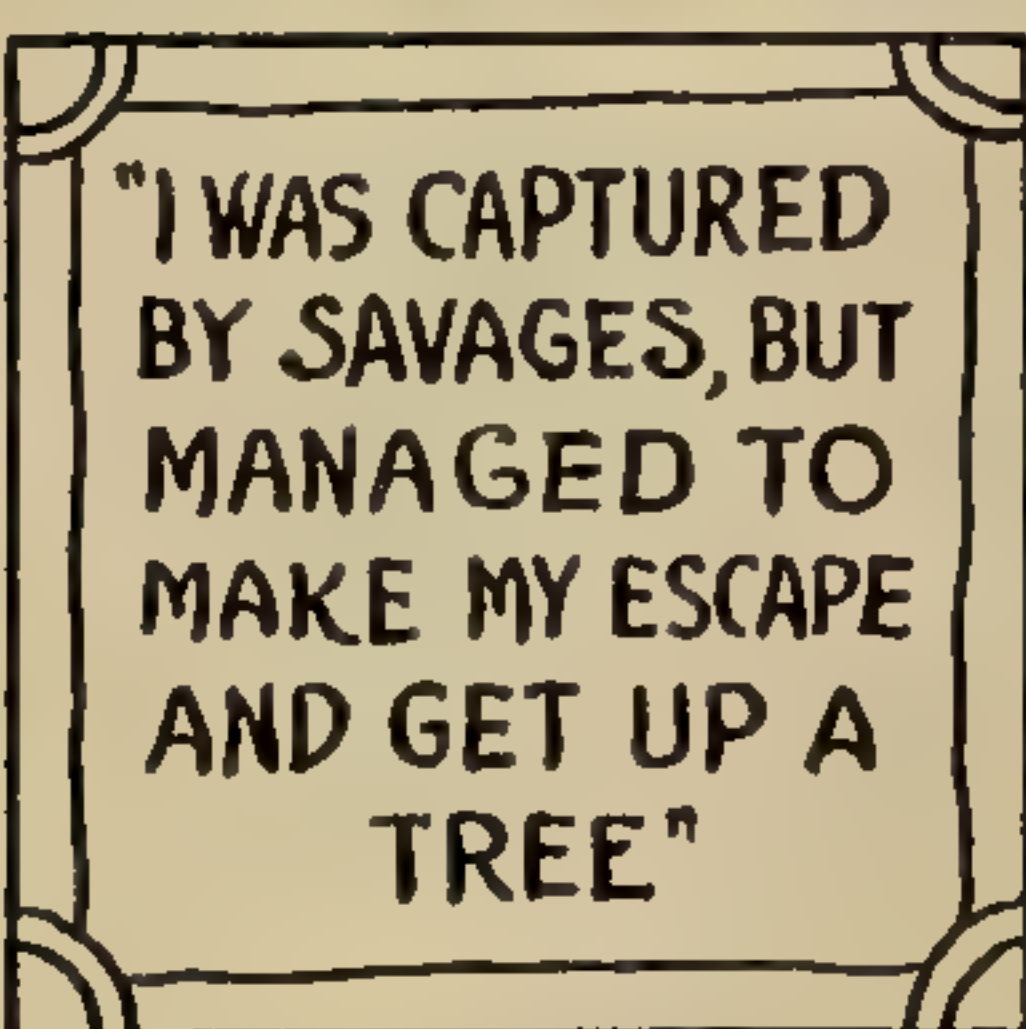
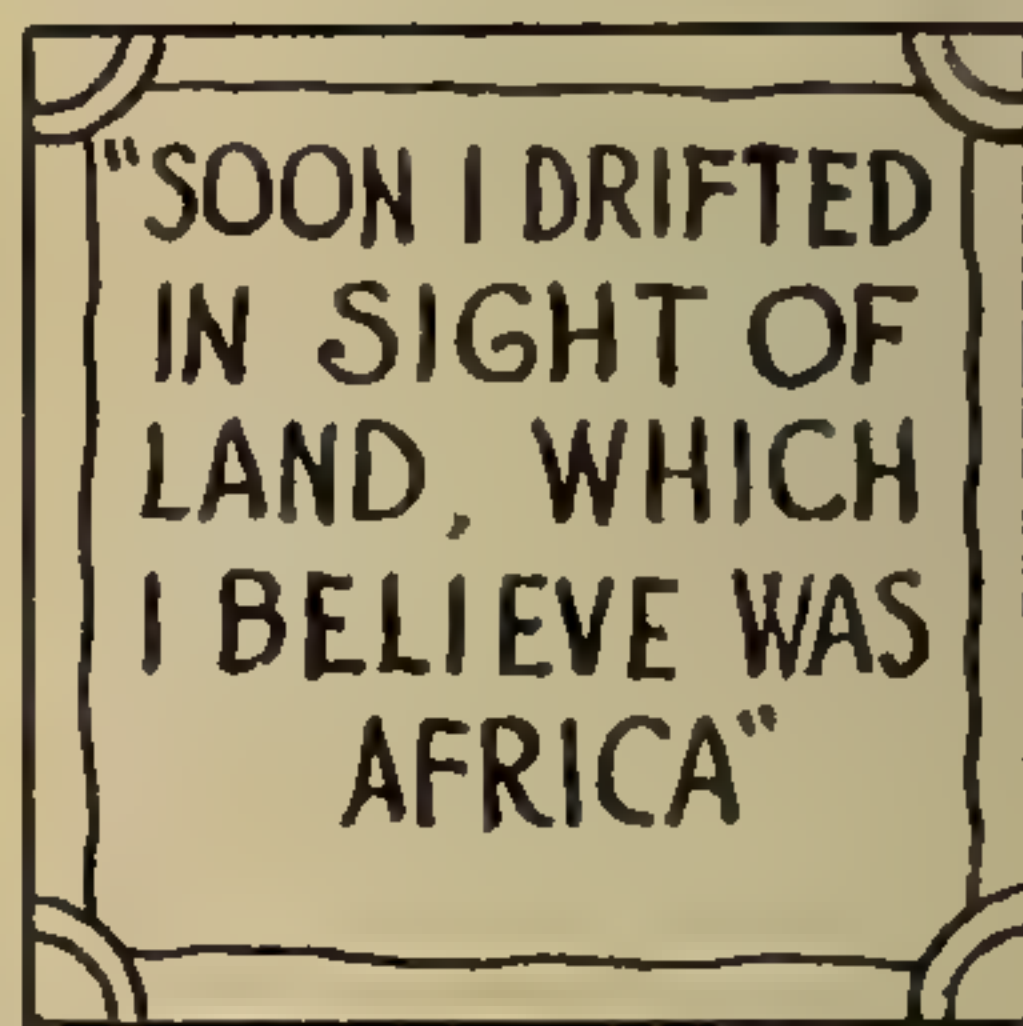
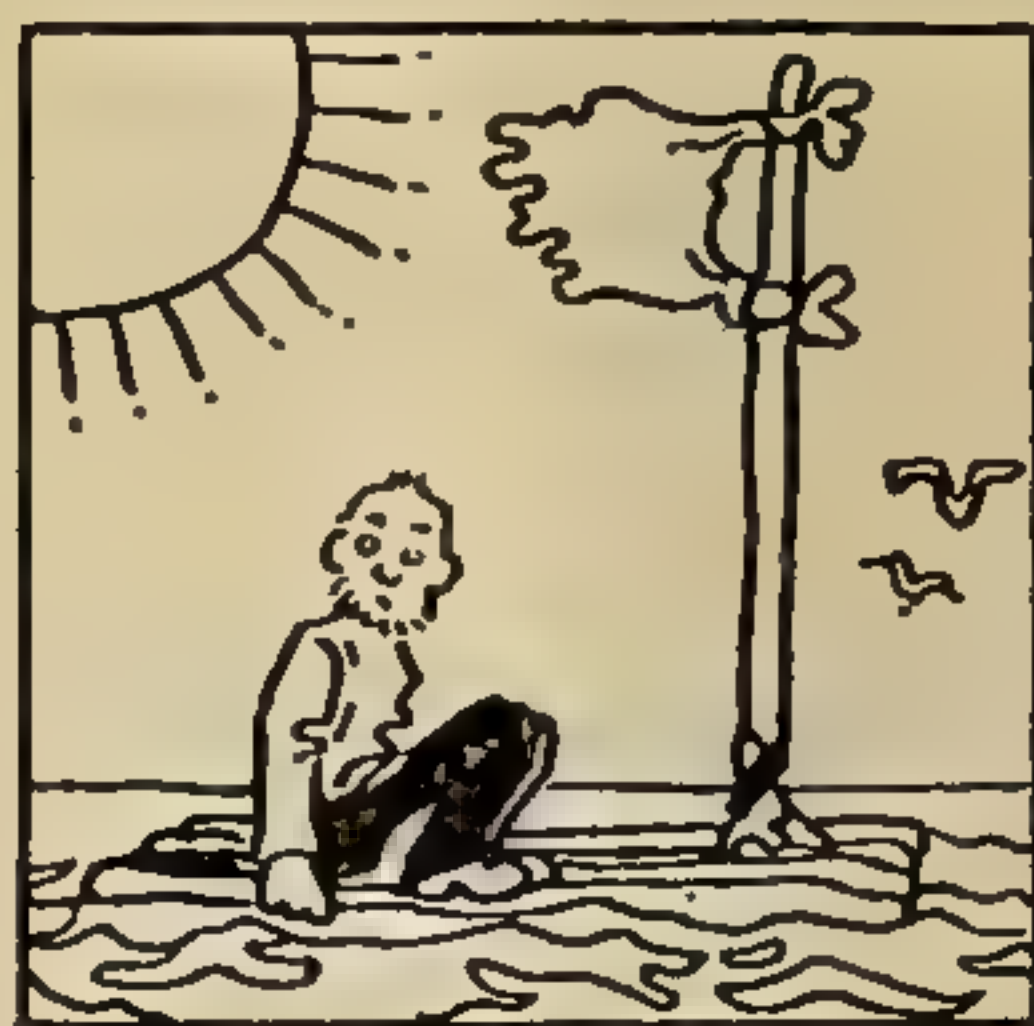
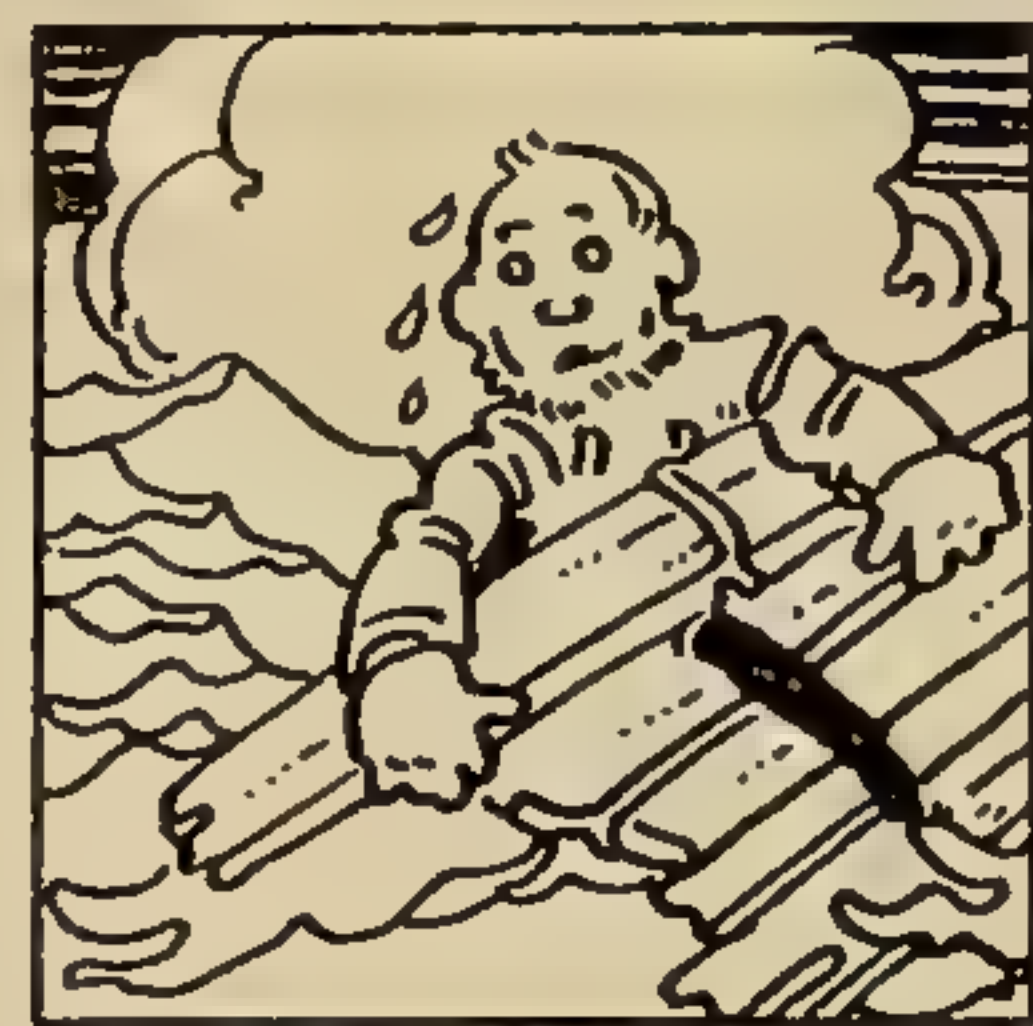
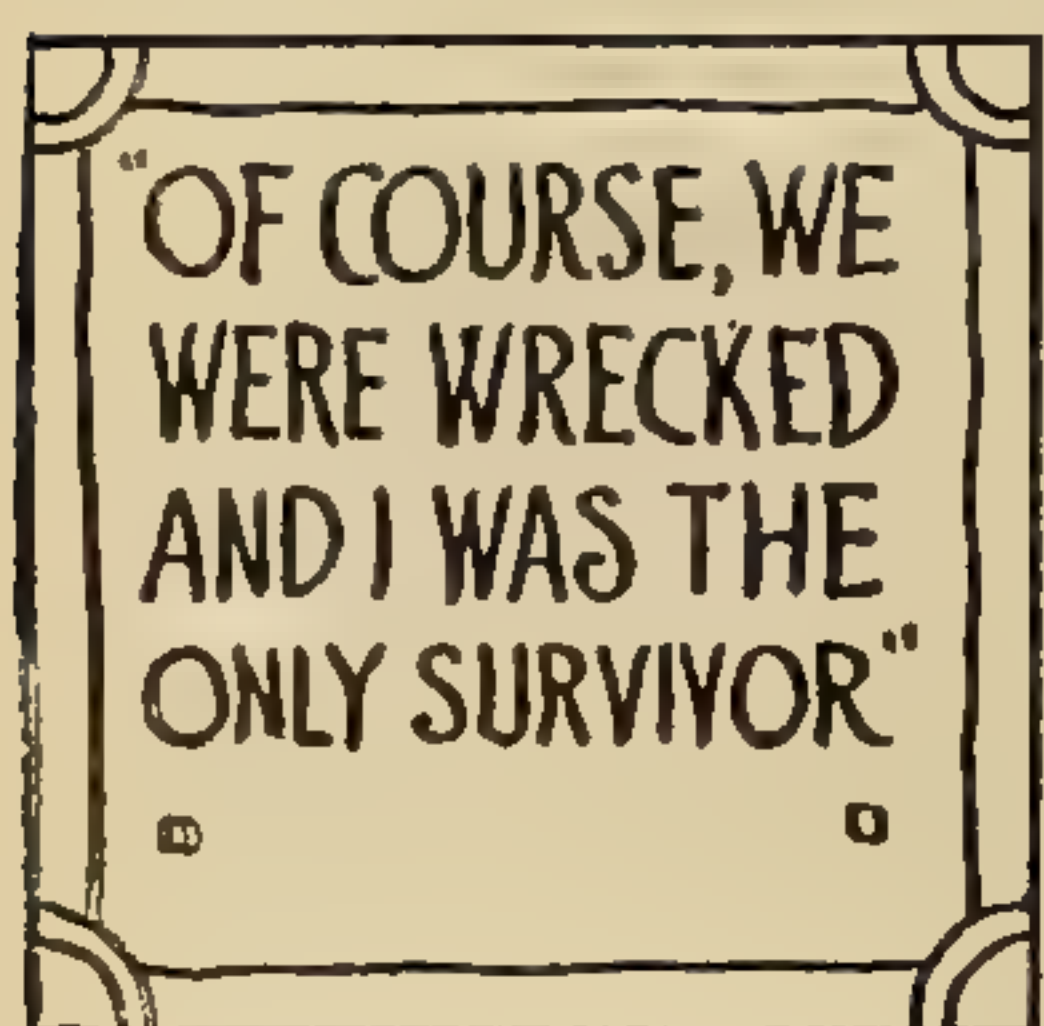
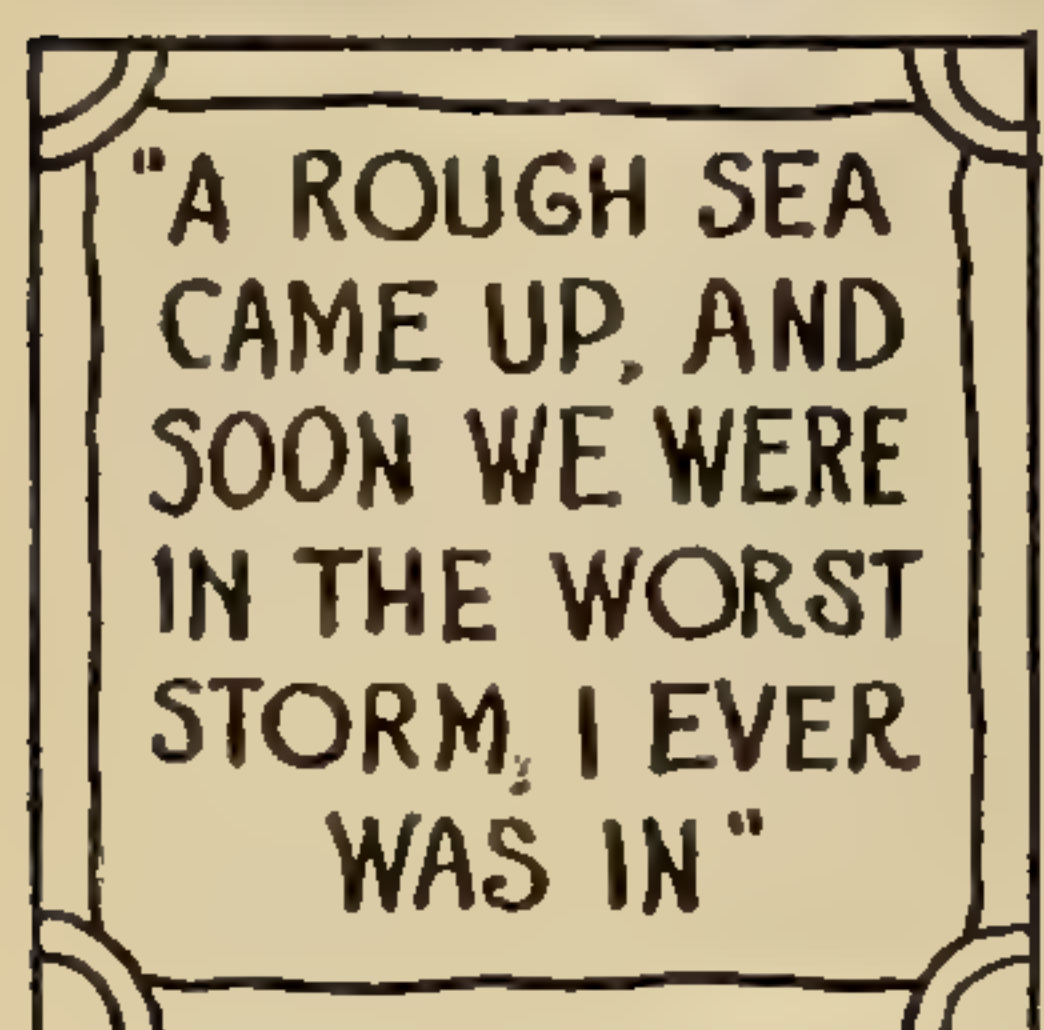
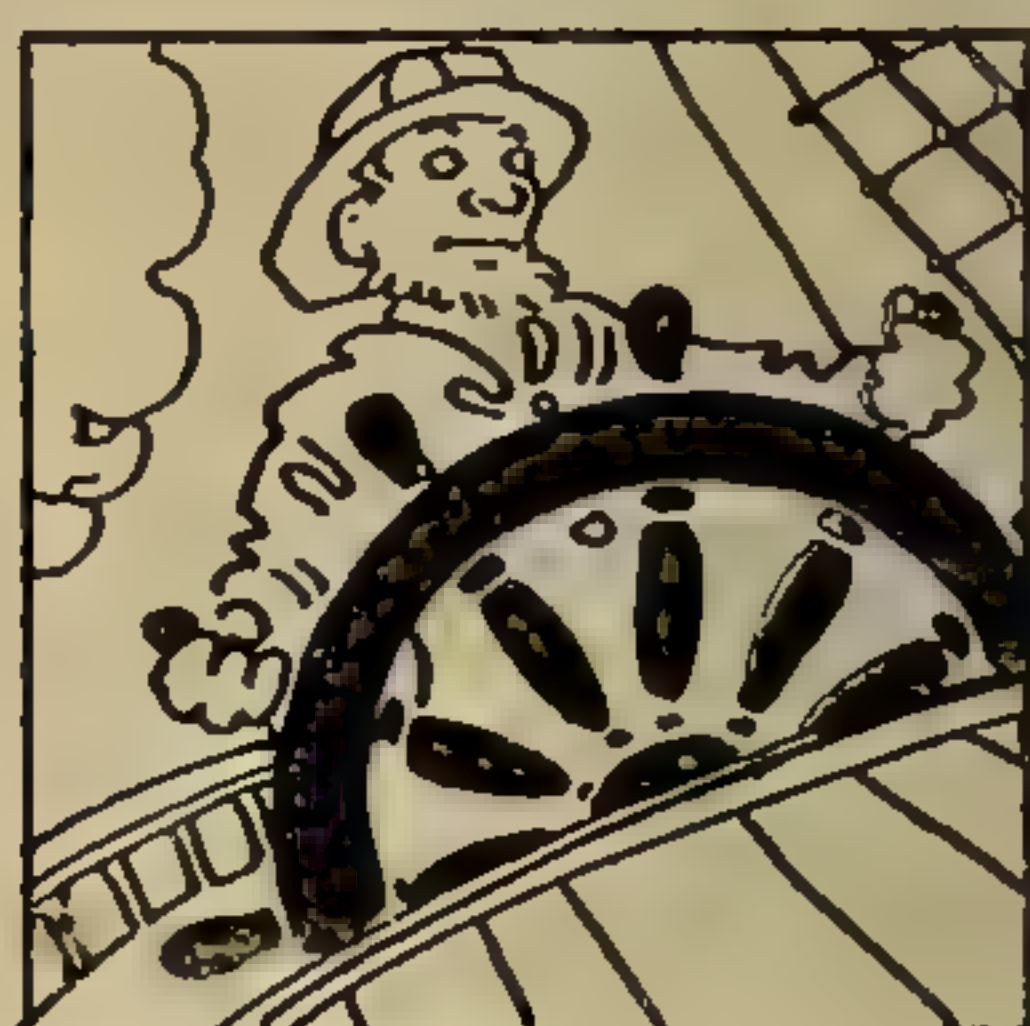
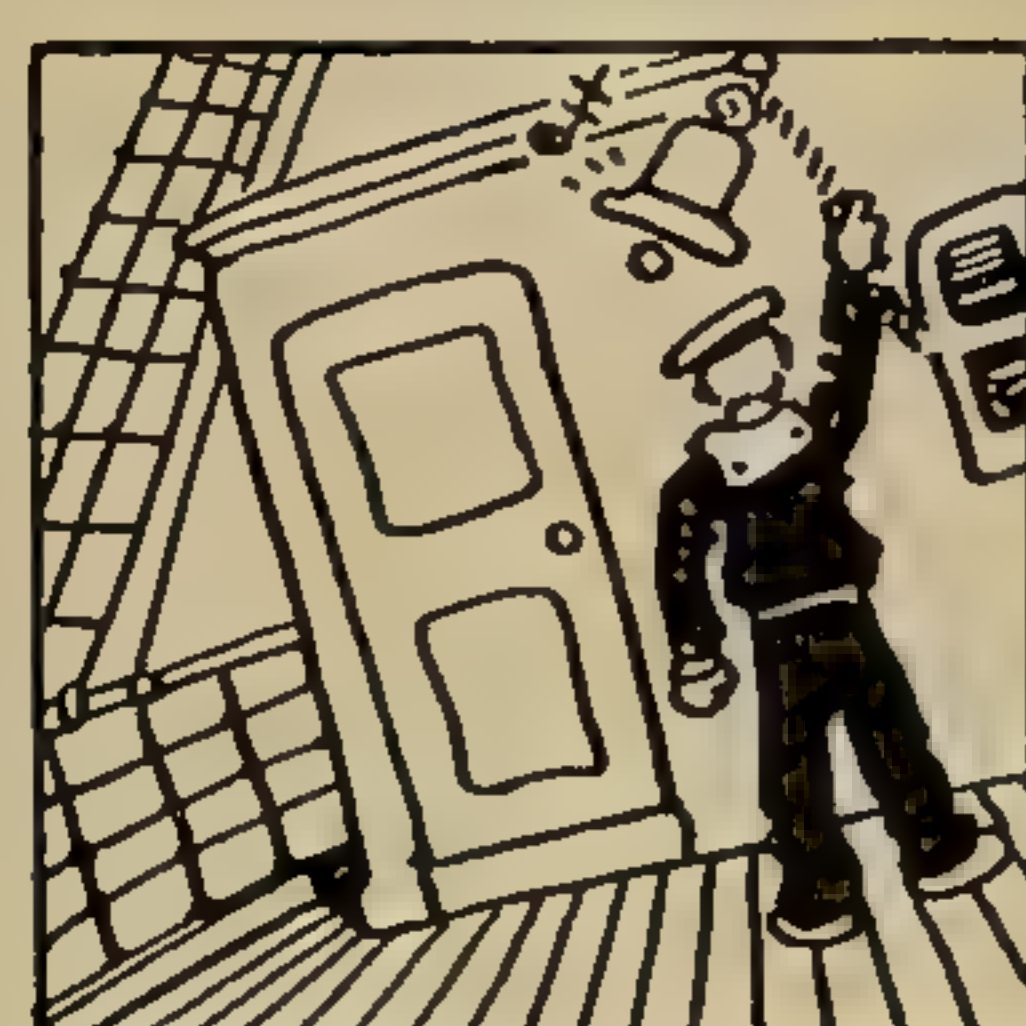
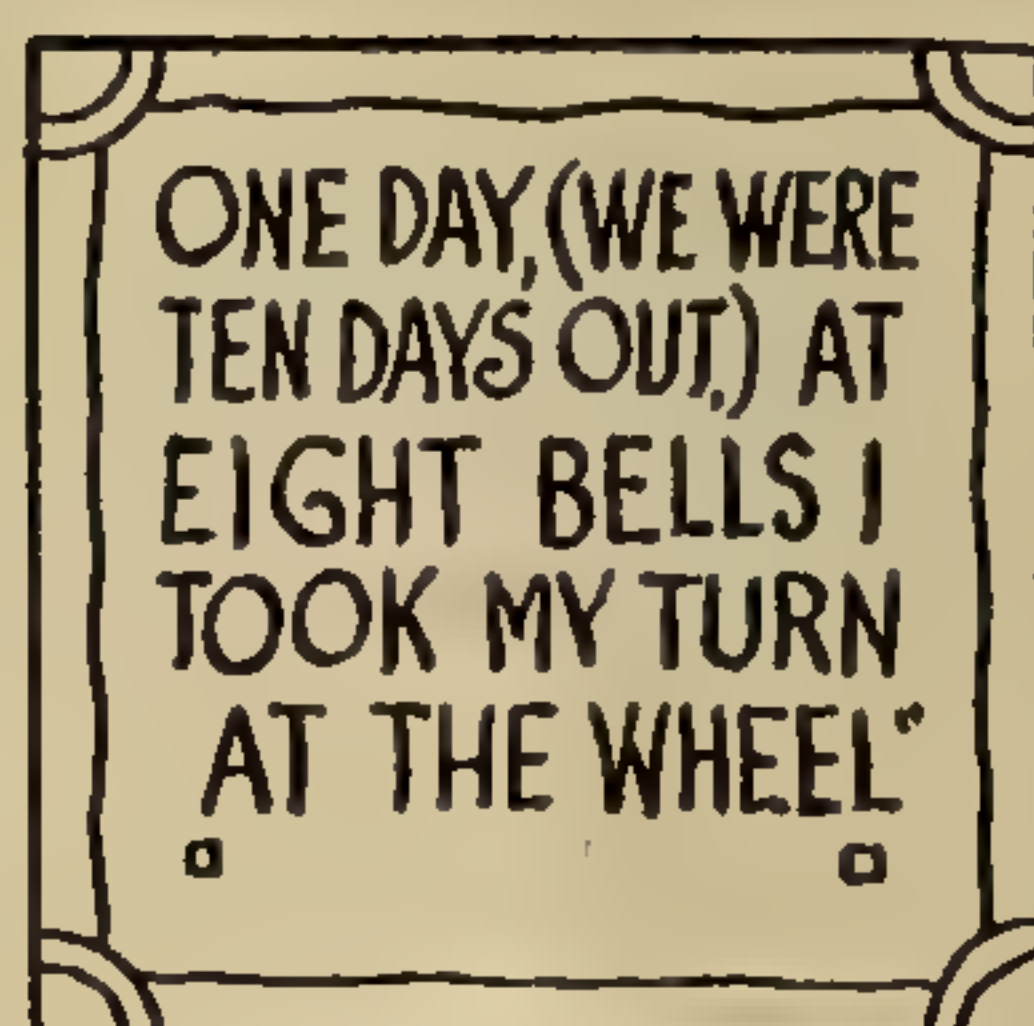
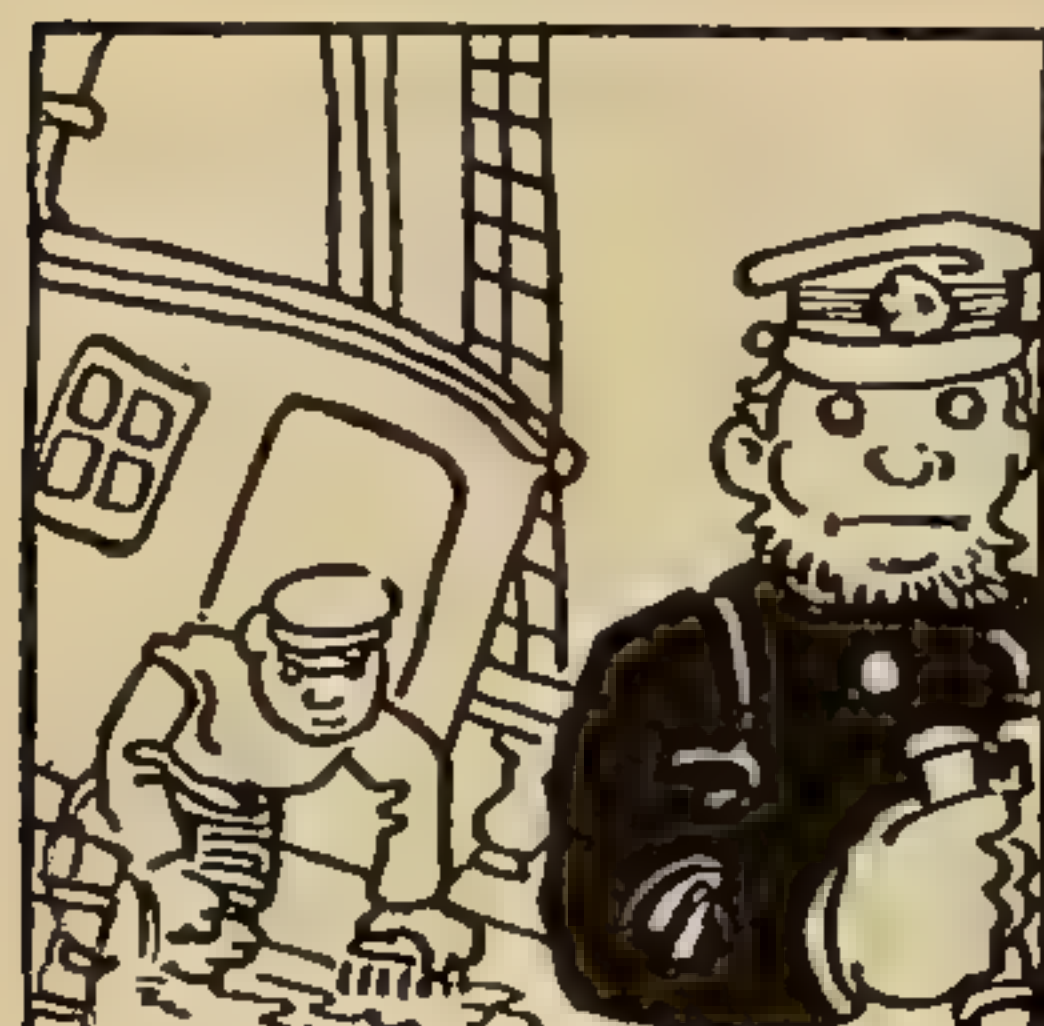
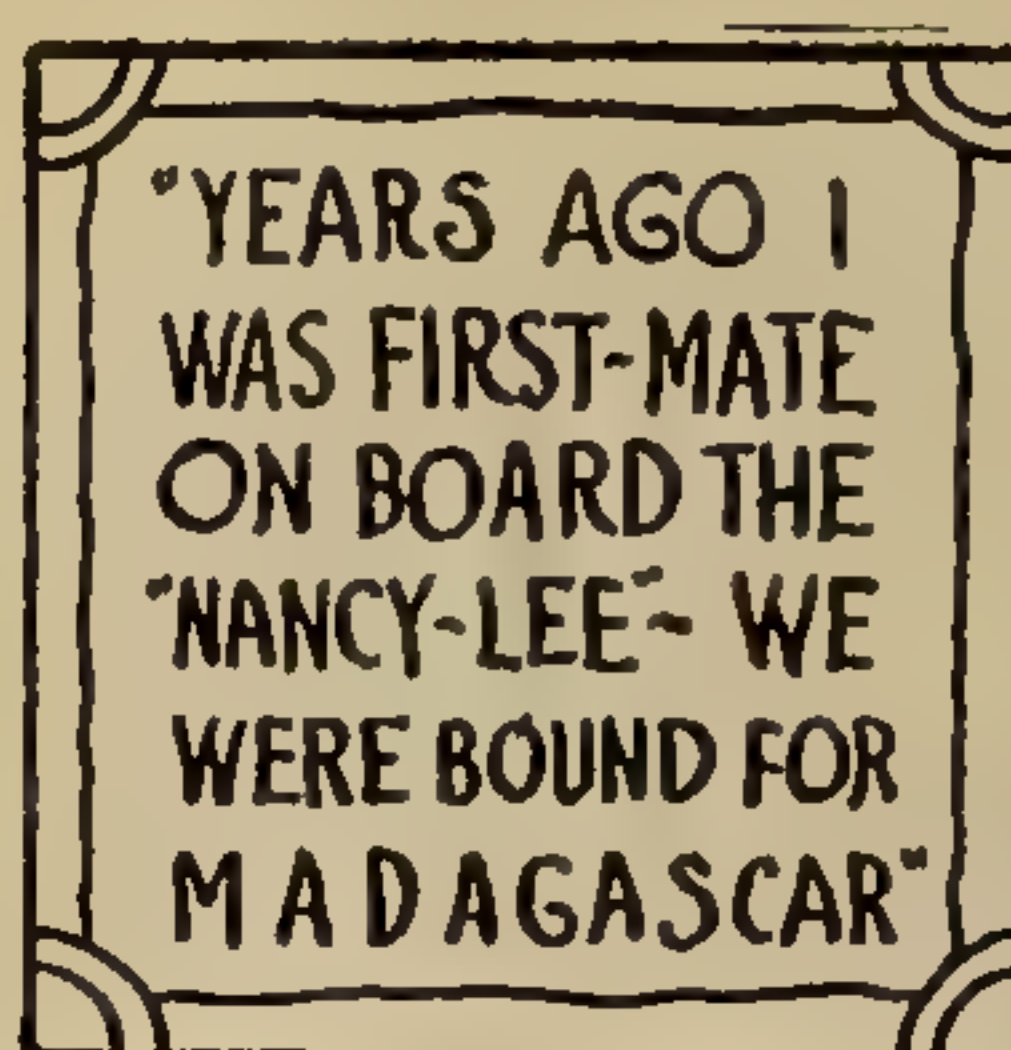
When Miss Farrar appeared as a singing Liberty Bond seller at the little theater the Stage Women maintain during every loan on the steps of the New York Public Library, she invariably stopped traffic for blocks on Fifth Avenue, selling and buying bonds at whirlwind speed. The Farrar Pekinese, "Sniffles," sharing its mistress's generous patriotism, became the owner of a thousand-dollar bond. Now I hear "Sniffles" is to appear in Miss Farrar's newest picture, and no doubt will use his salary to buy another bond.

Elsie Ferguson has also devoted all her energy and charm to helping the war through the Stage Women's War Relief. Knowing that a leather wind-proof vest would feel much warmer and cozier if it were autographed to its prospective owner, she often worked far into the night, after a strenuous picture day, adding this thoughtful little detail to the boys' happiness.

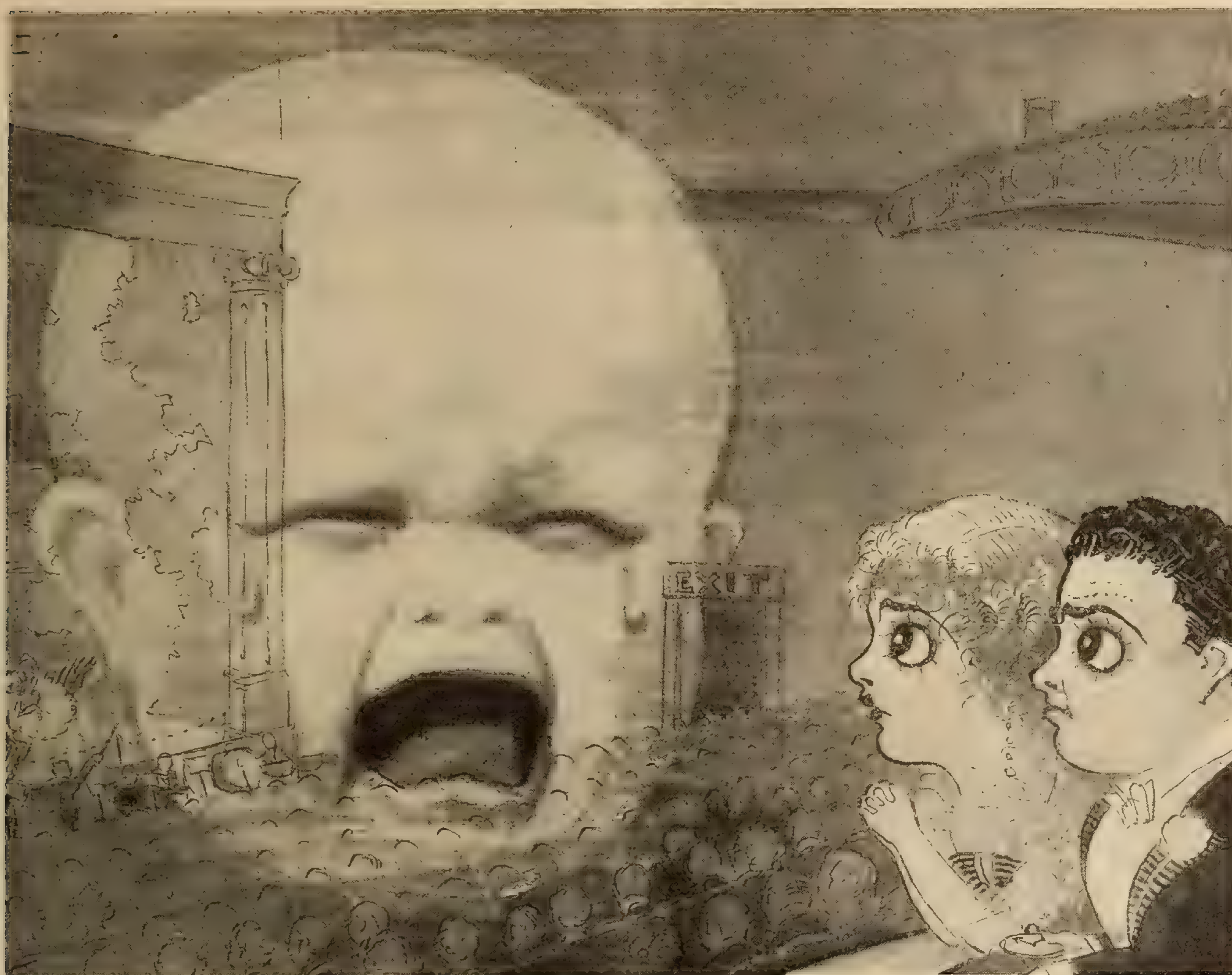
At the large Service House the Stage Women maintain, with about a hundred cots for the men of the army, navy and marines, and where every Sunday about five hundred boys gather to chat, dance and have a supper of their favorite dainties with their favorite actresses, Elsie Ferguson loves to steal away to the kitchen, covered with a big apron, and work unseen preparing appetiz-

(Continued on page 30)

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



THE OLD SALT'S STORY: A YARN WHICH CAN BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT



How the picture looked to her the first night she left baby.

Grandpa at the Movies

By W. W. SHARP

I DO not like the movies, as they are vulgarly named; in fact, I hate them. But I was forced to go by my little grandson, Willie, young in age, but wise concerning the movies.

We went into the theater—theater was a compliment—and sat down on two very hard chairs. I waited patiently, then everything went dark. I settled down to sleep, but I determined to witness the beginning.

I wanted to have my senses, in case the representation was not fit for my little grandson.

FORGOTTEN SINS

That must be the name of it. I'm sure this has never been passed by the censors.

SCENARIO BY JOHN PLACE

How interesting! I never heard of the man, but he must be famous to have his name so big.

FROM THE STORY BY HENRY MYERS

Oh, I know this will be terrible! Henry Myers!

BY PERMISSION OF ZIPPY STORIES

Worse and worse! Willie, we had better leave. "Well, I guess not! Ain't I been lookin' forward ter this fillum fer a week?" I could not spoil his pleasure. And, then, I might like the story myself.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEMUEL SWIFT

Well, well, and who is he?

DIRECTED BY ROBERT PIERCE

Willie, when's the picture coming?

ART DIRECTOR ALEXIS SMEROFF

Where's the pictures? I don't see any.

UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF J.

ARTHUR-JONES

Willie, where is——

PRODUCED BY PETRO

Petro? That sounds very Bohemian. I cannot understand how Willie likes this.

FEATURING HELEN TRAVERS

I feel so sleepy. A—h, a—h!

IN A LITTLE COUNTRY VILLAGE NEAR THE
WICKED CITY LIVED MARY DAVIS, A
VIRTUOUS YOUNG GIRL——

Ya—n!

* * * * *

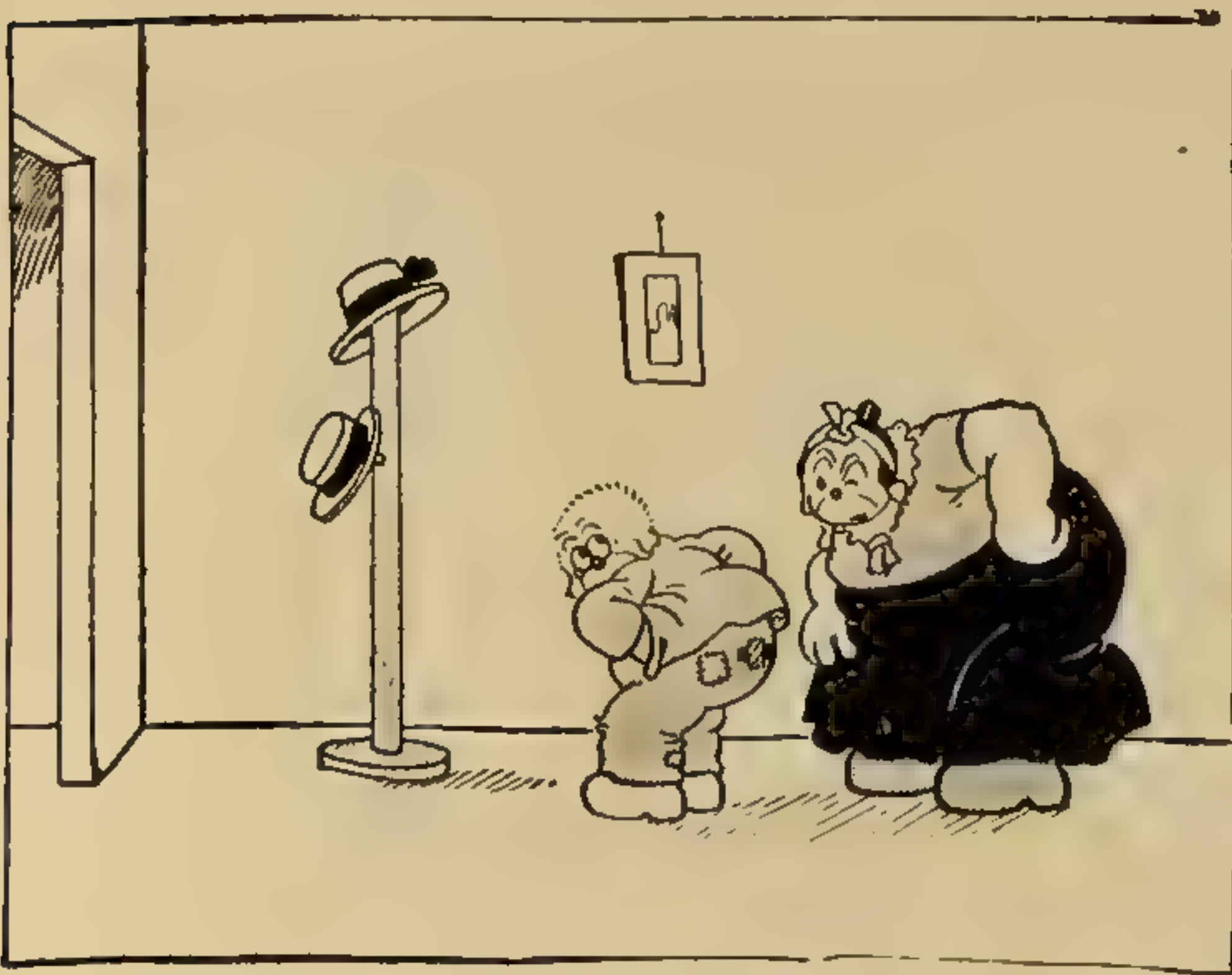
Suddenly I awoke and saw

THE END

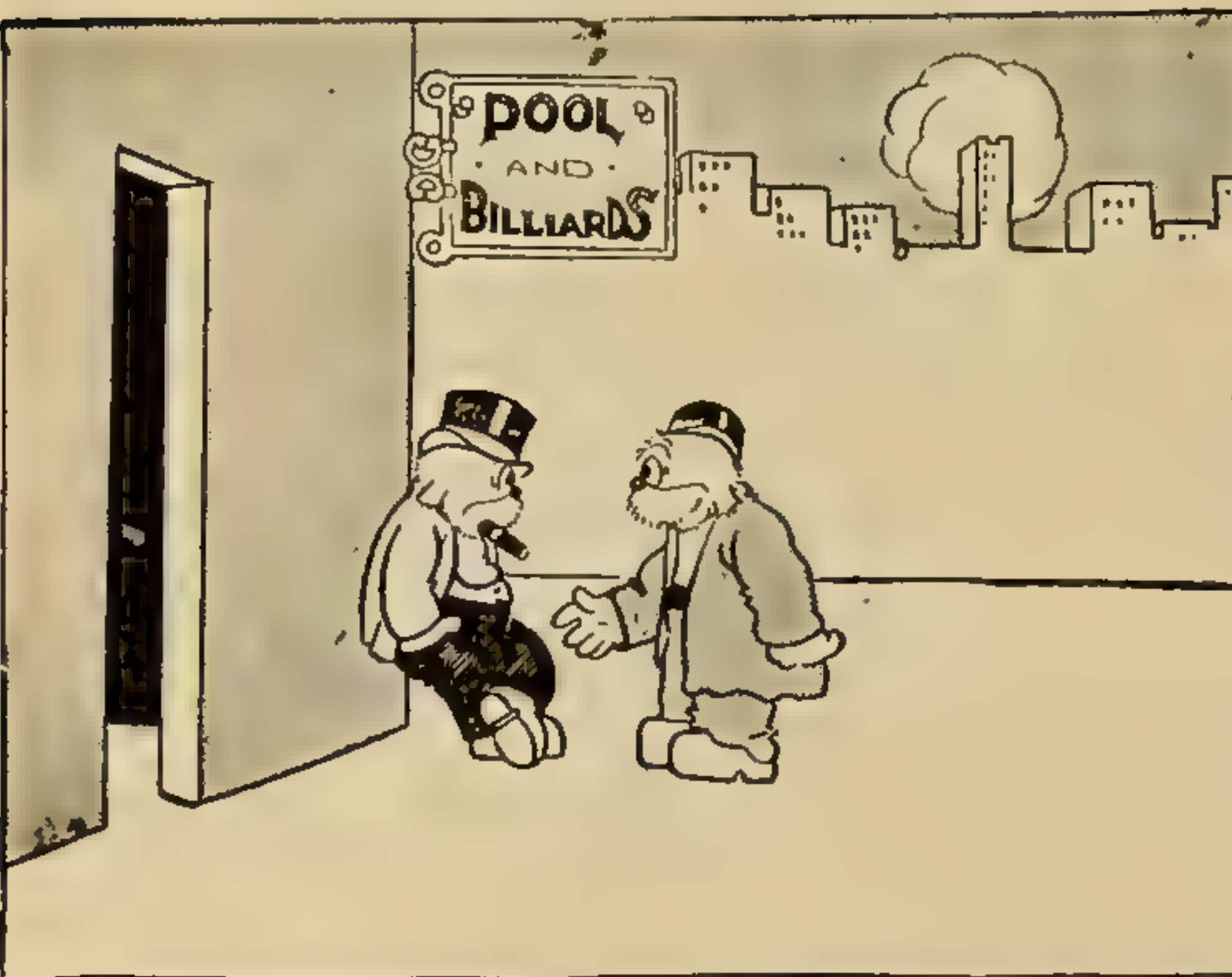
PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORS

Thank heaven! Somebody censored it!

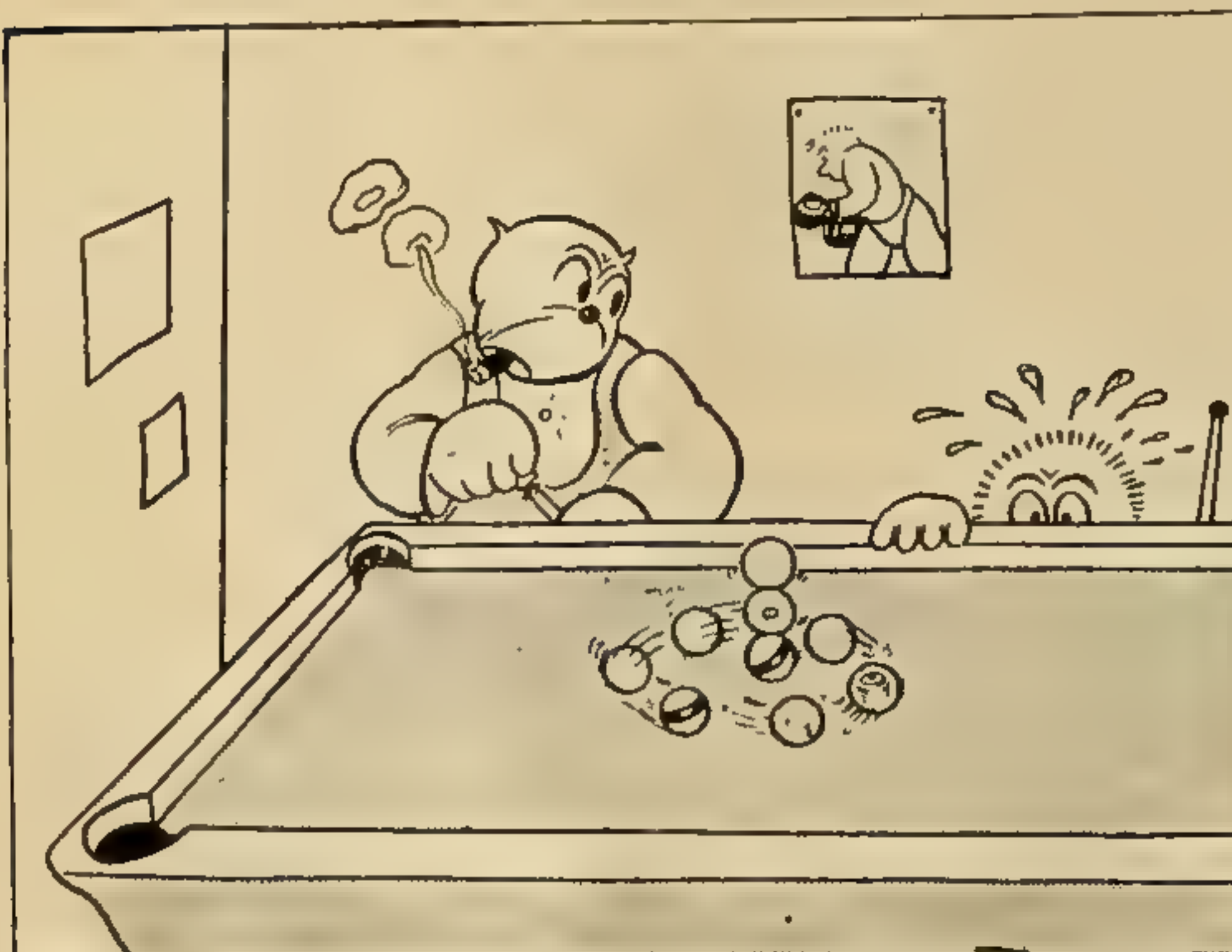
Judge Rummy Joins the Stars of the Screen



1. The Judge proves to Mrs. Judge that his clothes are in no condition for public appearance: that he needs money.



4. Meeting Silk Hat Harry — another "educational" comedian—the Judge inquires the way to some easy coin.

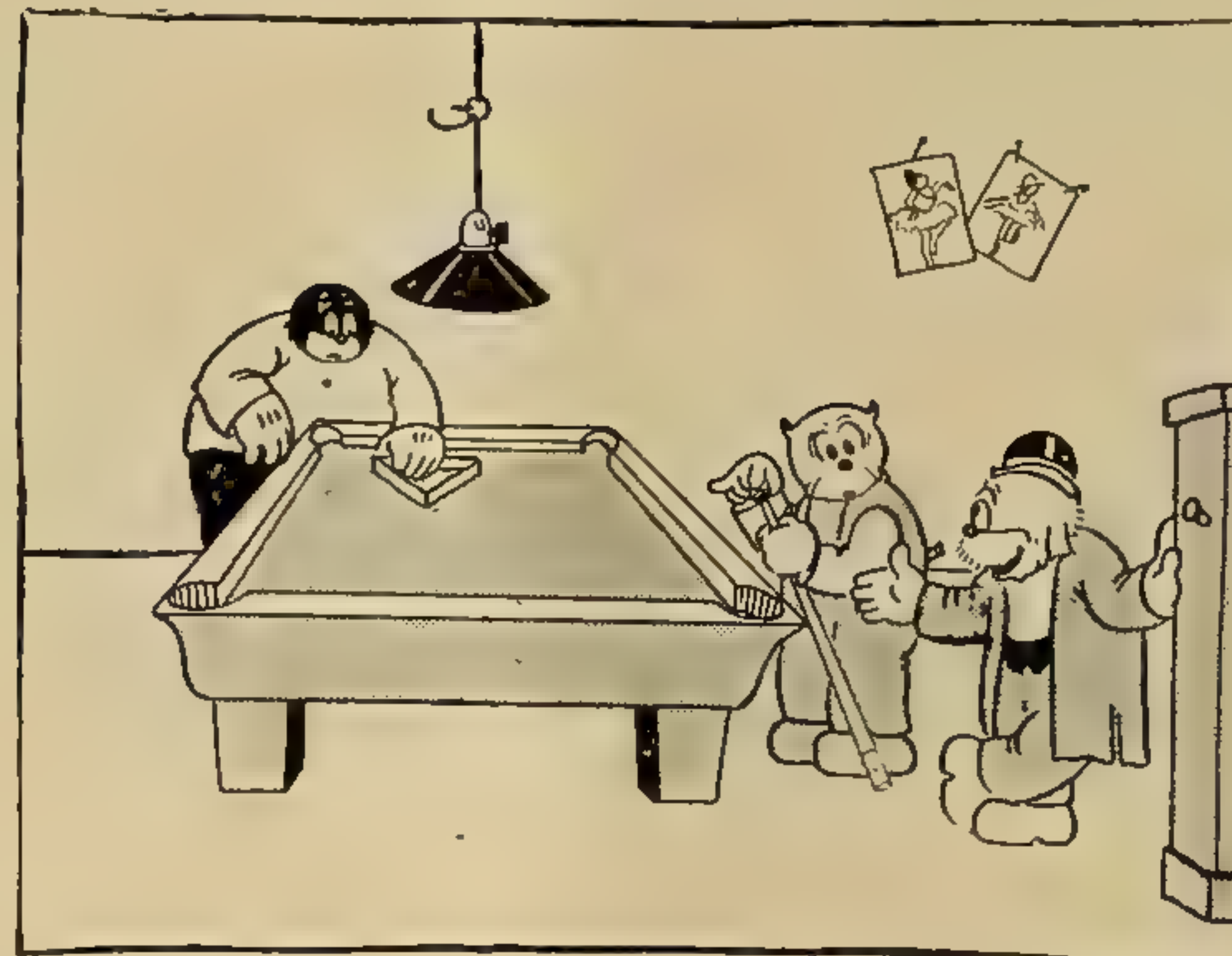


7. A vision which his opponent mars by making the ivories do everything but talk.

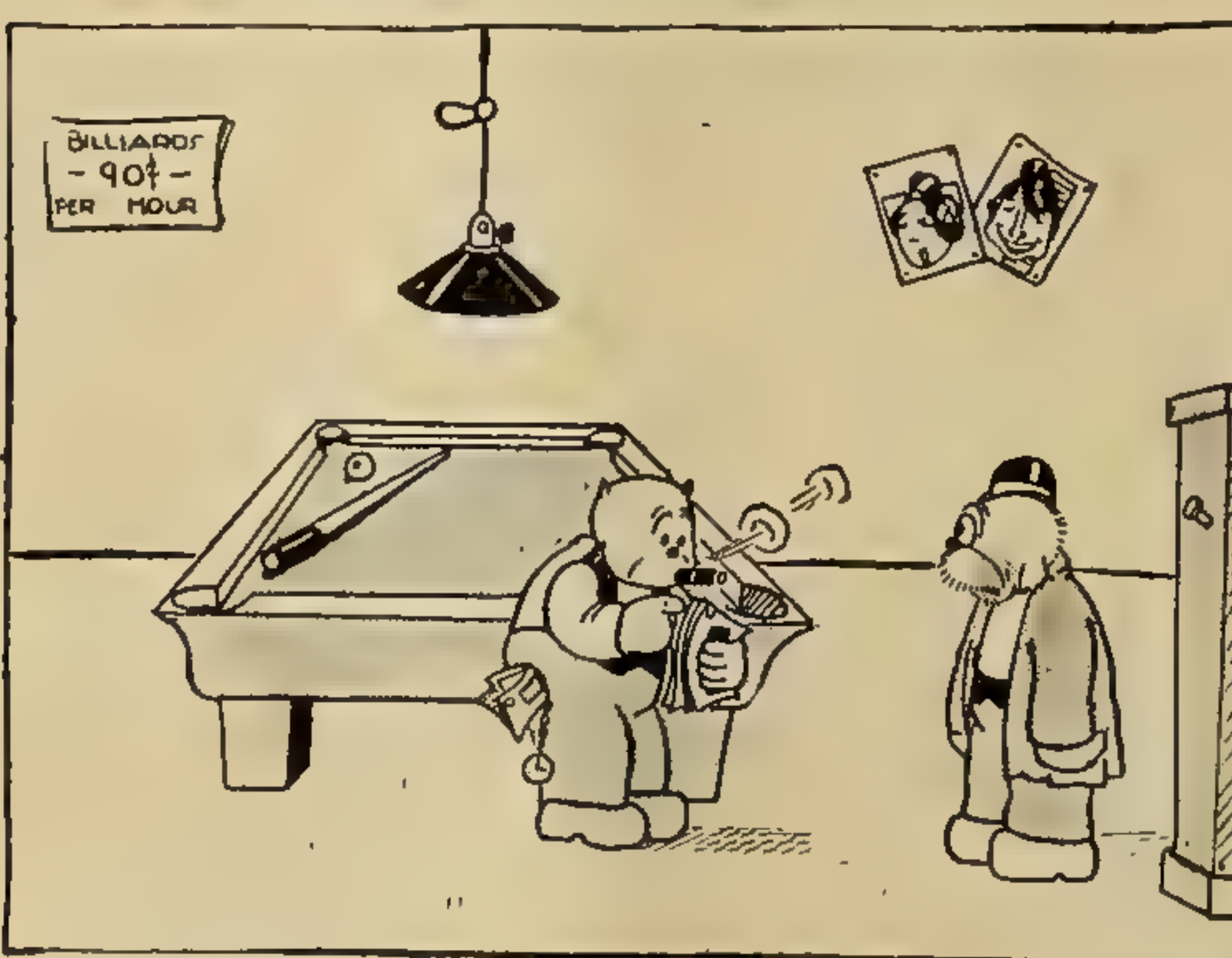
Sterling Pen-and-ink Comedian Signs Up With the Educational Film Co. for a Season of Forty Weeks.



2. He gets \$35, but certain warnings accompany the giving which take much of the joy out of life.



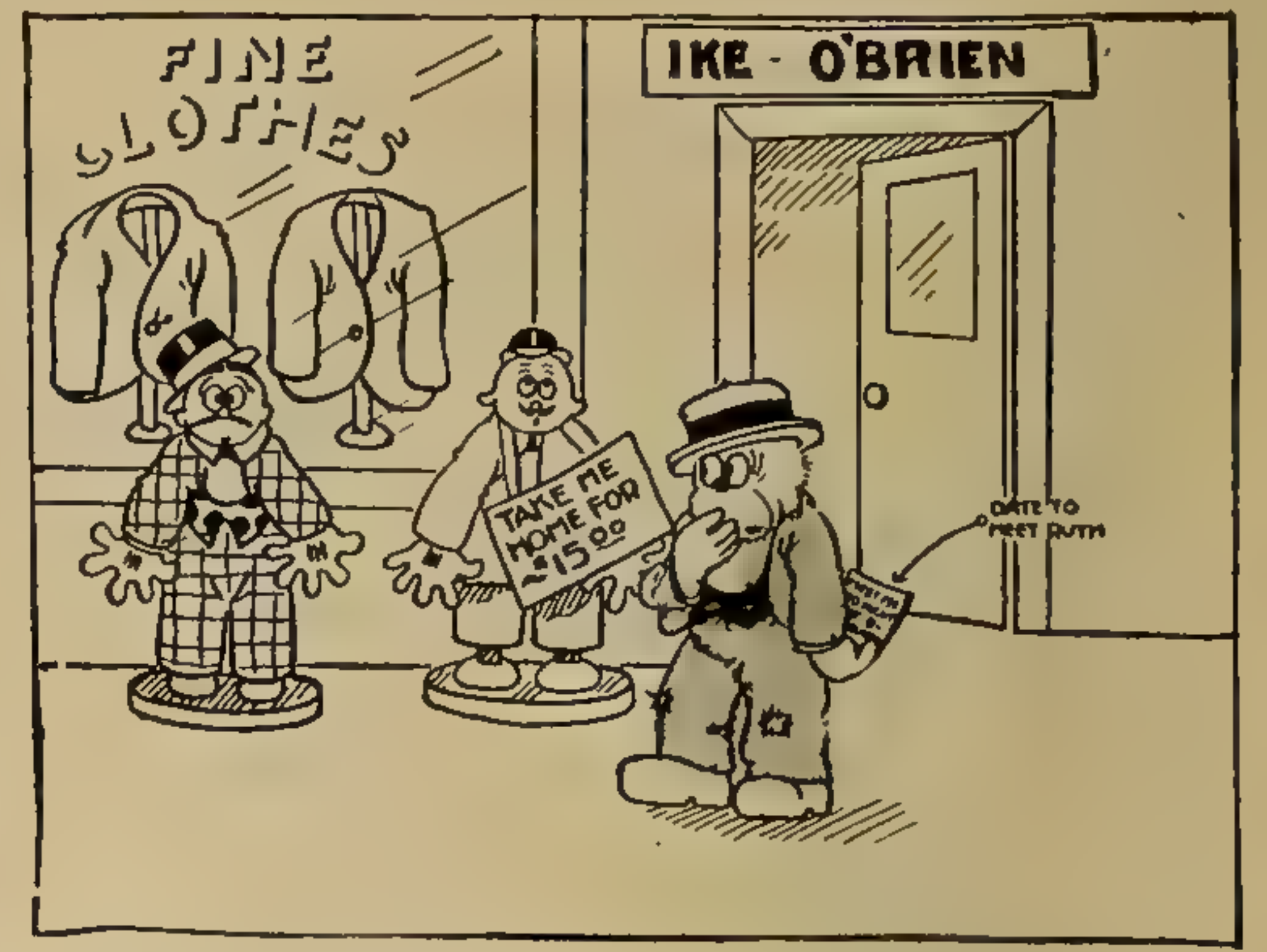
5. On the advice of Silk Hat Harry, he seeks it in an "educational" institution devoted to billiards and pool.



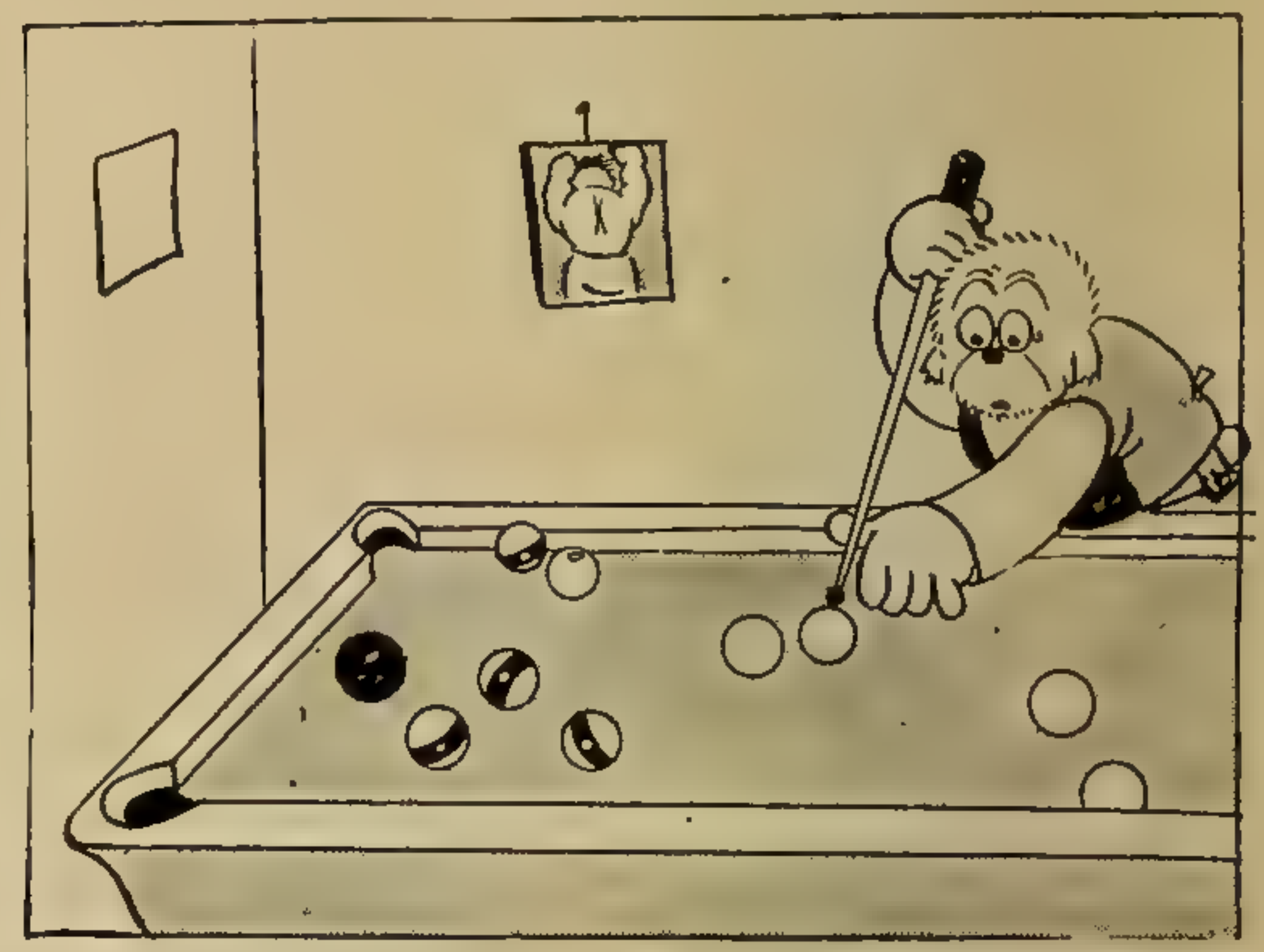
8. The Judge learns—more educational features—that a wise bird and his money are soon parted.



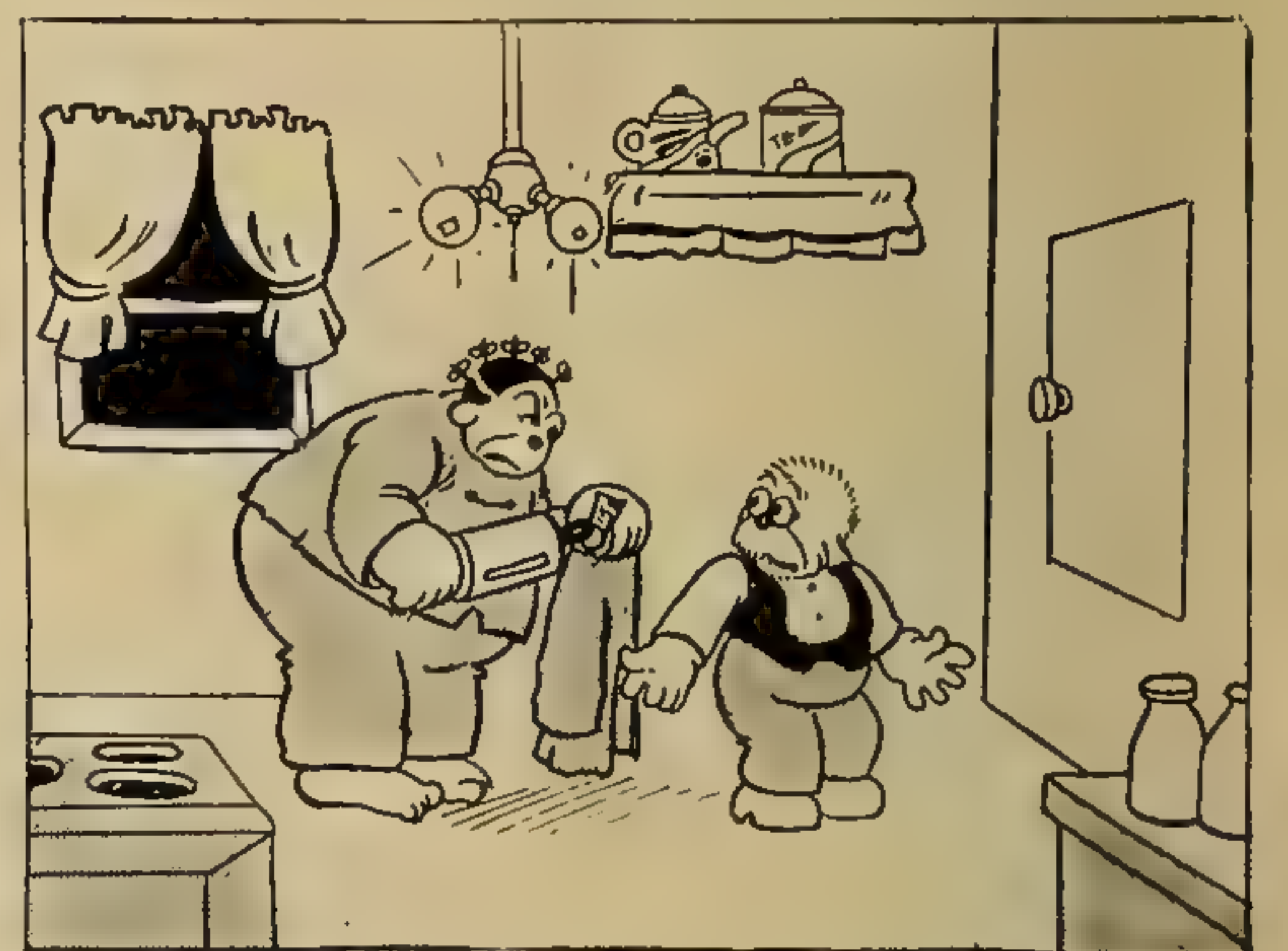
10. An intensely moving picture which might almost be called a "close up."



3. Fifteen dollars will buy a hand-me-down, and still leave the Judge a trifle of pocket money.



6. Having mutually agreed to "make it interesting," the Judge has visions of cleaning up both the table and his opponent.



9. All goes well in the financial accounting till Mrs. Judge discovers the \$15 tag on the new "\$35 suit."

A Scenario Right There

"The silent drama," said little sister, reading the dramatic notes. "What's the silent drama?"

"Aw," said brother, "that's when pa is sneaking in from the club at 2 a. m. in his stocking feet with his shoes in his hand, and ma is waiting in the dark at the top of the stars ready to whale him over the head with a curtain pole."

Tragedy

Bill—Did you ever cry while watching photoplays?

Phil—Often, when I've seen what the directors did to my scenarios.

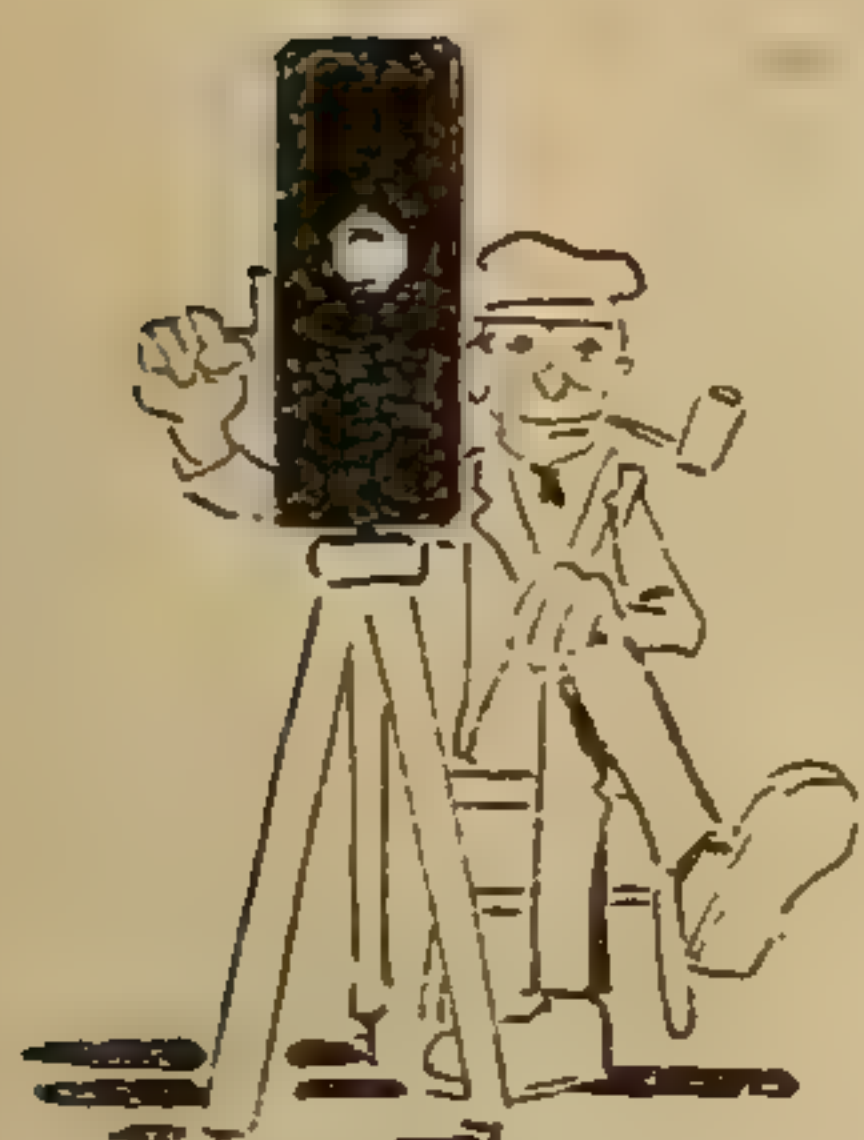
The Easiest Way

By Charlotte R. Mish

The lies I have told!
The lives I have sold
For a few paltry pieces of glittering gold!
The hearts I have swayed!
The men who have paid!
The souls I have seared and the ruins I've made!

Your eyebrows are raised,
Expression is dazed;
'Tis plain from your actions that you are amazed.
You ask: "Does this pay?"
Well, indeed, I should say—
For I vampire in the picture play!

Gladys of the Rail



THE girl—she is usually a telegraph operator—is seen at her job. She wears a short skirt because girl operators in the movies *must* wear short skirts—they have so much work to do with their legs and feet before they are “passed by the Board of Censors.”

A couple of trains go by, just to prove that it is a railroad drama.

The conductor of No. 7 comes in to have a chat with Gladys, the operator.

No. 7 pulls out, leaving Gladys alone.

Gladys “registers” horror as the telegraph ticks the news that thieves have captured a car of waste paper attached to a local freight. The car is coming down grade, thieves and all, and it is too late to warn No. 7.

Gladys runs out and looks up the track. Gladys runs twice around the platform, proving beyond doubt that they are silk.

View of No. 7 on its unsuspecting way. It whistles realistically, the man at the piano pausing long enough to blow on a little tin trumpet, like Willie got for Christmas.

View of runaway freight car, thieves hanging on desperately.

No more hesitation for Gladys. She lifts a five-hundred-pound hand car onto the track and starts it off in the teeth of the wind. Gladys is rather shapely, although it is terrible to notice such things when No. 7 is in peril.



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

A Fish that Gets Fatty Arbuckle on the Other End of the Line Calls it a Day.

Gladys discards hand car and jumps on bronco. For a girl comparatively plump, she has rather prominent kneecaps, don't you think? However—

A perfectly thrilling ride across country, the railroad fortunately having more curves than a watchspring. It is—pray heaven—possible to ride

four miles in a straight line while the train is going forty around double reverses. - On, bronco!

View of No. 7, still unsuspecting.

View of flying freight car, laden with waste paper. Thieves, one by one, leave their booty and jump for their lives. Car goes on.

Gladys leaps from bronco and jumps in automobile.

Gladys leaps from automobile into motor boat.

Gladys docks motor boat and starts to run toward drawbridge. If you noticed anything, please have the decency not to mention it. When bent on saving a train full of lives, a girl has to move.

Gladys climbs to dizzy height on bridge structure. Well, since you ask me, I prefer plain black myself. But it is wholly a matter of taste, and, besides, this is no time to—

Gladys swings in midair and drops from drawbridge squarely into the tender of Train No. 7, which is just passing. She lands on soft coal, uninjured.

She crawls down to the footboard and tells the engineer of No. 7 for godsake to backup. He does so.

View of runaway freight car.

Gladys leaps from No. 7, now backing nicely, and starts to open the drawbridge. There is nobody around but the audience.

Runaway freight car arrives just in time for an Annette Kellermann dive; it dives and disappears. No. 7 is safe!

Gladys boards No. 7, to be taken back to her station, ninety miles away. Really, the conductor of No. 7 should be more careful. That car step is frightfully high and—I think the left one had a darned place in it.

Back on her station platform, Gladys waves good-by to No. 7 and its grateful crew. What a windy day it is! Gladys is waving all over.

Wouldn't the railroad movie be perfectly grand if they'd cut out the locomotives and the cars?



“SAFETY FIRST”

What is a little thing like a railroad rule to a movie comedian?

The New Standard

Friend—Haven't you sold your new book?

Novelist—No. Every editor says it hasn't got enough action to make a photoplay.



How a pair of screen comedians celebrated the end of the gasless Sundays.

An Evening's Relaxation

PLACE: *The last row at the movies.* TIME: *Evening.*

She (as they seat themselves)—Jim and Delphine said they were coming here to-night, but I don't see them anywhere, do you?

He (not looking)—No, I don't.

She—I hate to come in right in the middle of a picture. You never know what it's all about. Is that Jim and Delphine over there in the other section?

He—No wonder you never know what a picture's about if you keep on looking around the audience.

She (triumphantly)—There! There they are! I recognize Delphine's hat. Shall we go down and sit with them? There are two vacant—Oh, it isn't Delphine at all! At least, that isn't Jim with her.

He—Better leave her alone, hadn't you, then? We might be butting in.

She—And it isn't Delphine, either. She just turned around.

Now, I wonder where they are. They don't usually go further down than the last ten rows.

He—Why the worry? I didn't pay four cents war tax just for the privilege of looking for Delphine and Jim. You're bobbing around like a cow's tail in flytime.

She—Don't you like to be sociable?

He—Yes, but I don't have to come eight blocks and sit in the dark to be it.

She (ecstatically)—Oh, there they are! Over across the aisle. Isn't that Jim?

He—Gee whiz! Where?

She—The other side of that woman who looks as though she were going to burst.

He—Might be Jim, but that isn't Delphine with him. I just now saw her face.

She (deeply dejected)—That's so. And it isn't Jim, either. I just saw him.

He—Well, why not call it a day and look at something besides mil-



AN ELDER BROTHER'S THRIFT

"Wot's th' use of spending money for two tickets, when I can tell yer the plot of the play when I come out?"

linery and the backs of heads we don't know? By the way, if you're interested at all in Jim and Delphine, there they are, right in front of us.

She—Why, so it is! Well, for—goodness—sake! And here we've been— George, I believe you saw them all the time and wouldn't tell me. Now, didn't you?

He—Not guilty. What do you want to do? Go down and sit by them?

She—Yes, there are two vacant seats just in back of them. Let's go in quietly and surprise them.

SCENE: *The lobby.*

TIME: *One minute later.*

He—What did you come out here for?

She—I don't know. Why did you?

He—I felt like a fool, pussyfooting up to a couple of perfectly perfect strangers and darn near slapping 'em on



Regards To Mother Goose

*Out on the coast, this handsome hen
Lays good eggs for movie men.
Movie men come every day
To see what this good hen doth lay.
(The bird is owned by Fatty A.)*

the back. Something stayed my hand just in time. He must have thought that I was looking for a spy.

She—Well, think how *I* felt, whispering in the ear of that woman, "Well, I see you wore your old hat." I was so flustered I didn't know what I was doing, and I don't even yet. I just *had* to come out.

He—Well, what are you going to do? Are you going back? We've lost our seats, but there may be others.

She—No, I'm not. I didn't like that picture, anyway.

He—I don't see how you know. You never looked at it.

(And all the while Jim and Delphine are at home, effusively assuring an unexpected caller that they "very seldom went out in the evenings" and that Jim's overcoat was on and Delphine's hat on her head because they had "just that instant come in.")



MUTUAL-SELIG

*Three little maids of the screen are we,
Dressed in the style of 'sixty-three;
Each of us giggling, tee-hee-hee!
Three little maids of the screen.*

*Three little maids, what a cinch to be
Paid for giggling, tee-hee-hee!
Most little girls would do it, free.
Three little maids of the screen.*



PARAMOUNT

LILA LEE, HORSE TAMER

Why be a kill-joy and discover that the horse is a wooden one?

A Movie Post-mortem

ARGUMENT—Being naturally of an artistic, not to say cultured, turn of mind, and avid of the best and newest in the intellectual world, you and your wife have compassed the movies to see Adventure No. 17 of the Mix-ups of Meg series. On returning home you feel it your duty to detail to an unfortunate caller a ringside account of what happened.

You—You see, Meg is out in her monoplane—

Your Wife—It wasn't hers, George; it belonged to Mr. Bryce, the detective, and he wanted her to go up—

You—Oh, well, it doesn't matter whose it was. Anyhow, Meg was up in it, and the Rajah —

Your Wife—That was afterward, dear. The Rajah doesn't come in until the middle part of the picture.

You (aroused) — He certainly does, my dear. He comes in right at the very first. Don't you remember that picture showing him in his laboratory mixing the poison, and then that next picture where he's rubbing it on the arrow and hiding the dwarf in the automobile?

Your Wife—Have it your own way. I'm sure it doesn't matter a great deal. Why don't you start now and tell Mrs. Smith the story?

You (grieved, and justly so)—Well, I'm telling it as fast as I can, am I not? You

see, Mrs. Smith, there are two characters in love with Meg besides the Rajah and— Janet, I think I ought to tell Mrs. Smith what happened in Adventure No. 16, so she can see just what led up to this week. In 16 Meg's guardian bought a big yacht with a Chinese cook aboard who had a parrot that—

Your Wife (a little sharply, I'm sorry to say)—Isn't that rather a waste of time?

You (as gently as possible—circumstances considered) —Mrs. Smith wants to hear it, my dear.

Your Wife (justly, but unkindly)—Can't you see she's bored to tears? She doesn't want to hear all that last week's stuff.

You (obstinate as a stalled engine)—I'll leave it to her. Mrs. Smith, wouldn't you like to hear both last week's and this week's adventure?

Mrs. Smith (will nobody lend a helping hand to the poor woman?)—Why—a—yes—if it wouldn't be too much trouble.

You (triumphantly)—See?

Your Wife (her voice has the I-mean-what-I'm-saying ring)—Now, George, be reasonable. Mrs. Smith wants to be polite,

(Continued on page 25)



For all who would "register joy," here is a free lesson by Dustin Farnum.

Wallace Reid, With "Too Many Millions"



1. Before the inheritance. Book agent Van Dorn at his hypnotic trade.



2. Van Dorn reads that he has fallen heir to forty million real dollars.



3. Wilkins, the financial agent, is a constant reminder of the burdens of wealth.

A Hint of the Plot

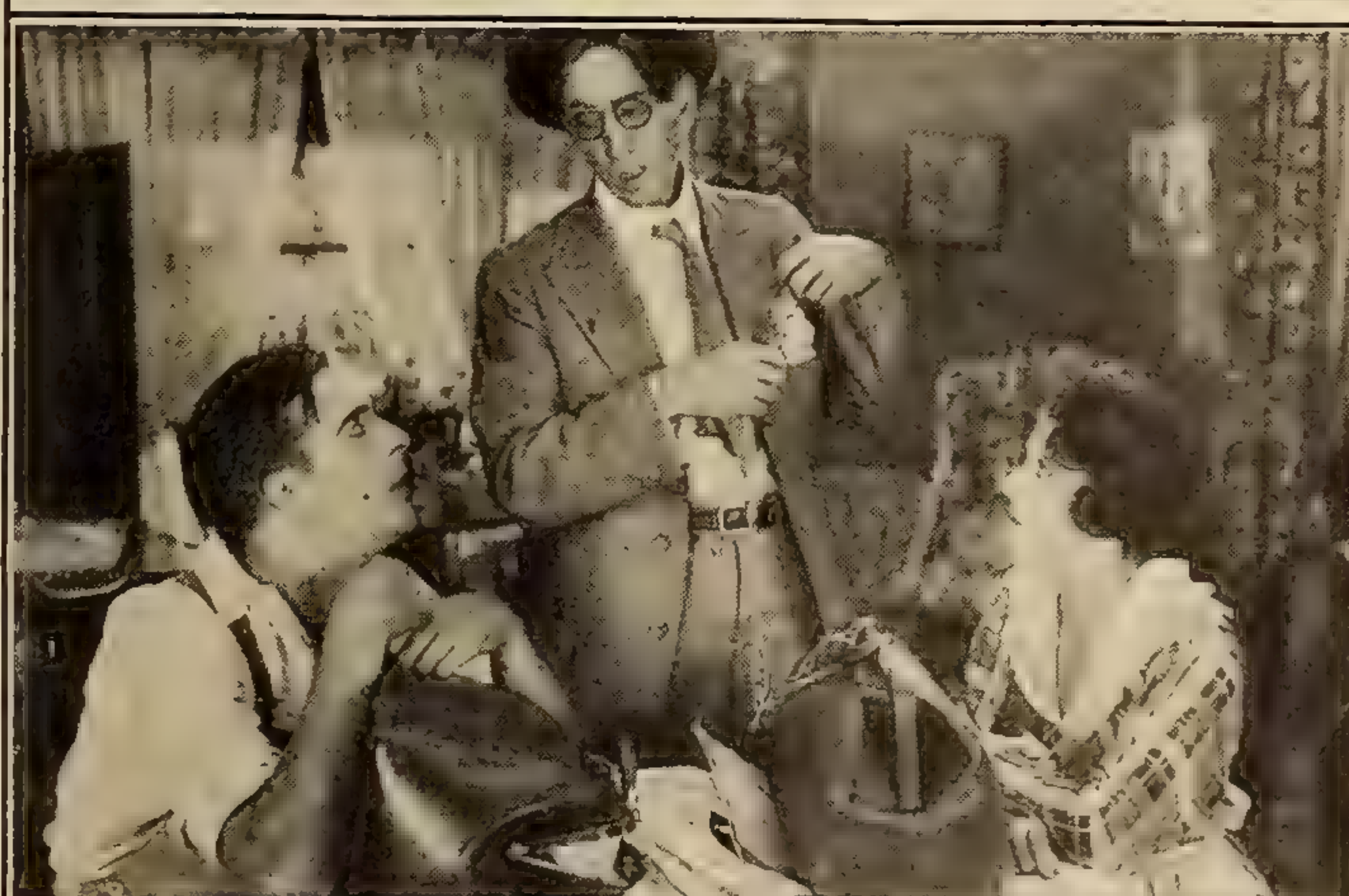
Walsingham Van Dorn, book agent, inherits forty millions from uncles who made it in flim-flam finance. They robbed of two millions the father of a young lady, *Desiree Lane*, and Van Dorn goes to live in the latter's former home. She tries to get the two millions back, and Van Dorn is agreeing, when word comes that *Wilkins*, his agent, has skipped with the fortune. The house being attached, Van Dorn and *Desiree* flee in an auto, and ultimately, their resources gone, a fire taking even their clothing, Van Dorn gets a job, marries *Desiree* and honeymoon in a cottage. Back comes *Wilkins* with the fortune, saying the responsibility is too much for him. Van Dorn doesn't know whether to take it back or not, and asks the audience, What would you do?



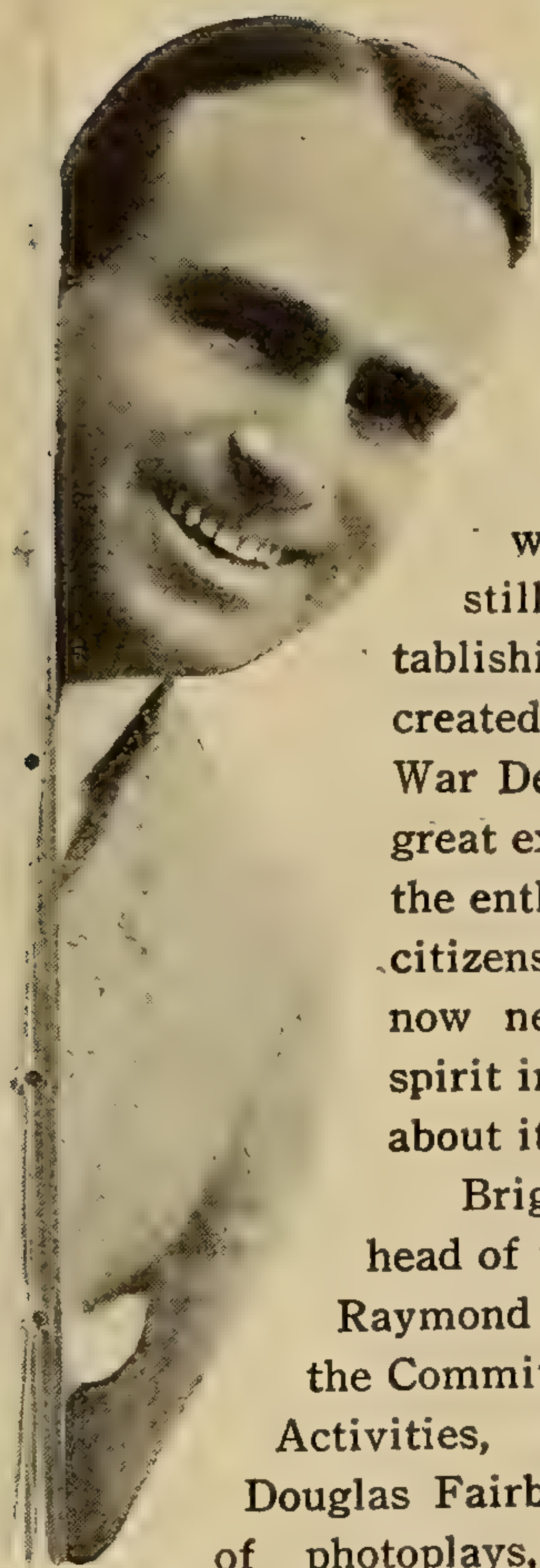
4. Van Dorn and *Desiree*, just before word of Wilkins' flight with the fortune.



5. Excessively informal wedding of *Desiree* and Van Dorn, immediately after losing their clothes in a fire. Wedding raiment provided by minister.



6. The return of Wilkins, shaven, shorn and weary, with the stolen fortune. Wealth in a mansion, or simple lore in a cottage—which?



"He Comes Up Smiling"

An Interview With Douglas Fairbanks

MOTION pictures helped a lot in winning the war. They are to play a still greater part in re-establishing peace. The newly created Morale Division of the War Department will rely to a great extent on pictures to enlist the enthusiastic co-operation of citizens and soldiery in what now needs to be done and the spirit in which we should all set about it.

Brigadier-General Munson is head of this Morale Division, and Raymond D. Fosdick, chairman of the Committee on Training Camp Activities, is next in command.

Douglas Fairbanks is making a series of photoplays, the first having been nearly completed.

Fairbanks is wholeheartedly cordial to his interviewers, and his enthusiasm for the particular work he has in hand is infectious. This new project, as he outlined it, seems very wise and wide in scope. It ought to arouse everybody, even the worst of the slackers. You will like the story best if told in his own words, although you must miss the "zip" and "pep" he puts into his talk. His vivid and pleasing personality inspires belief in his theory of life, action and smiles.

"Yes," he said, "I'm at work for the Government. I don't know for how long. Just as long as they need me. I've dropped all other plans for the time being. After we finished the Fourth Liberty Loan, they asked me to undertake the making of pictures for use in arousing the men, women and children of the nation to the opportunities and duties war has brought. Playtime for a while is over—or else it is just beginning—depends on how you regard a condition which calls for action, action, action, and then more action. Of course, to me that is the ideal existence.

"But at any rate, the Government realizes there is to be a new deal all round. Presently we will have with us upward of two million men in the prime of life and the pink of condition, in whom war has developed a habit of thinking and an appreciation of the use and beauty of team work. The adventure from which they are returning will incline them to the new adventures opening up everywhere. We've got to feed the world, pretty nearly—anyhow for the next two years. We've got to supply most of the material and a good deal of the man power for restoration of ruined France and Belgium. We've got to be the leaders, and we can.

"But we've got to be prepared. We have to learn a lot. We're just beginning to get a glimpse, a vague notion of our destiny. We must acquire real, useful knowledge. We must speed up, but wisely. There's hardly an industry in the land developed to more than twenty per cent. of its possibilities. Transportation needs overhauling—no, that's no pun, and it doesn't relate to aeroplane freight either, although that is one of the next big things we shall see. And travel by the air lanes—but I don't want to say much about that now, although I can promise you a story that is likely to startle the world when Uncle Sam is ready to make public the work he has now well in hand.

"And so, to be ready for all these and countless other things which must be done, the War Department, as I said, has established this Morale Division for educational purposes—a sort of short course in the training of citizens, men and women alike, in usefulness. The pictures I am to make are to be shown throughout this country as well as abroad, wherever there is need for the particular lesson they make plain.

"You see, it's all work for true democracy, and that's what we're going to have throughout the world. The United States is the logical leader in establishment of these principles for which we have been fighting.

"Everybody must help, though. Everyone has to do his bit for the common good. It can't be a good country for a few of us without being a good country for all of us. And pictures will demonstrate all this better than any other agency. There has never been a time when the outlook for films was as wide and wonderful as it is to-day. The industry has never had the opportunity it has right now.

"My own idea is, as I explained to them, that you can hit home with propaganda better if you present it in the form of a story that grips. People may—experience has proved that they do, in fact—shy at films that picture vice and its effects. It's like administering medicine to a man who doesn't need it. But if your feature film shows how failure in, let us say, a football scrimmage is due to a lack of physical fitness and form or from drink or other excess, they can't get away from the right conclusion.

"So they laid down four principles for my guidance and told me to get busy. These principles are 'Purity of Purpose,' 'Cheerfulness,' 'Steadfastness' and 'Willingness to Sacrifice.' That's what they gave me to work on, and it's all they gave me to work on.

"And, say, I felt like a fool, just at first. How would you have felt if you'd faced the necessity for building a fascinating scenario on such a framework? I didn't see how on earth I was going to make a picture out of that.

"But then the idea came to me how we could work it out in allegory. And we've nearly completed a feature. It isn't named yet, but it will be finished within a week.

(Continued on page 32)



FASCINATED

The Rescuer—*Why didn't you jump when you saw the light?*

Young Movie Actress—*I—I thought I was in the center of the screen—at last.*

Strategy

First Director—How did you get those actors to put up such a realistic fight?

Second Director—I told each one on the quiet that the other considered him a punk scrapper.

Habit

"Why did you fire that new actor?" the director was asked.

"He was on the stage so long that every time he walked into a set he bowed to the camera."

Helpful

Scenario writer—I'm trying to discover a locale for a motion picture which has never been used before. Can you suggest anything?

Friend—Sure! How about the pit of a volcano? Kilauea, in Hawaii, is easily reached.

The Eternal Feud

Visitor—What a big scenario department you've got! How many writers are in it?

Director (viciously)—None!



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When he serenades a bunch of girls, he takes pains not to pick out pretty ones.

Devout

"I'll bet you don't even know what the inside of a church looks like."

"G'wan. I've seen 'em in the movies."

Useless

The Girl—Aren't the moon and stars grand?

The Director—Bah! They're no good to shoot pictures by.

Where Is Thy Sting?

Friend—Why so glum? Has your star died?

Director—Worse than that. She's getting fat.

A Very Animated Domestic Movie



Parked

"Wasn't that a remarkable desert scene in the feature?"

"Yes, it struck me as remarkable, too, when I saw that 1918 automobile in the oasis."

Piker Stuff

"Why didn't you like that movie of high life?"

"Because there were only forty servants in the heroine's home."

Kill Him

Actor—We'll have to take this scene some other day.

Director—For heaven's sake, why?

Actor—The wind is so strong, it musses my hair.



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ran serially for ten weeks in Leslie's and were quoted by more than 200 publications. If you sit in "the driver's seat," or merely plod along beside the wagon, whether you are a success or think yourself a failure, you will find this book full of hope, help and the right kind of inspiration.

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New York

Stars of Screen and Stage

(Continued from page 17)

ing sandwiches and desserts for the boys upstairs. It's fortunate those can't be autographed, too, for I fear, if they were, they'd never reach the spot for which they were intended.

Miss Ferguson also served as saleslady at the Liberty Theater, and one afternoon her eloquence and sentiment, connected with the cartilage number from Captain Vernon Castle's fated machine, brought in a sum of \$14,500 for this relic of the dancer-hero.

Mrs. Castle, who is devoting her life to the war since her husband's tragic death, and who is now in France making a special picture for the Government, devotes much of her time to the Stage Women's War Relief. Like Miss Farrar, she sends trunkfuls of her clothes to the Jumble-In, and many a girl dances as she never danced before in Mrs. Castle's slippers.

Alice Brady is another popular star who has helped in a dozen different ways. The Stage Women give Sunday night performances of Broadway successes for men in uniform, or special vaudeville shows where every act is a super-headliner. Miss Brady frequently appears, and when you consider that her average working day is fourteen hours, the fact that she gives up a little leisure to entertaining the boys shows how much her heart is with them. Often when she appears some lad will call out, "Oh, Miss Brady, take off your hat, so we can see you," and when she complies, the whole audience will crane forward for a "close-up."

Blanche Bates, one of America's most patriotic women, works almost daily at the Stage Women's headquarters, making bandages and surgical supplies, and in "Getting Together," the war play produced by the British and Canadian Governments, she made a recruiting appeal on the stage that nightly added new soldiers to the Allied forces. She is one of the best speakers in the country, and her appeals for any purpose connected with the war are so simple and sincere that they invariably met with inspiring responses.

Theda Bara ignores the "mystery" clause in her contract and her promise not to appear in public, to sell bonds for the Stage Women's War Relief or to sign photographs until she adds writer's cramp to the other trials of being a movie star. She appears to be a very

harmless and charming vampire off the screen; and perhaps the reason her manager wants her to remain mysterious is that the public would learn to love instead of fear her, if it could see her as she really is.

Little Madge Kennedy comes down to the workroom every week with an armful of knitted things and dances tirelessly every Sunday at the Service House. Mme. Nazimova organized a successful drive for phonograph records for the boys in camp; Julia Arthur, who is a recent convert to the screen, is on the board of directors of the Stage Women's War Relief, besides being an inspiring worker; Rita Jolivet is in charge of the fund for French, Italian and American actor-soldiers' families; and Billie Burke, Marguerite Clark, Bessie Love, Pauline Frederick and Lina Cavalieri are other stars. Each has helped in her particular way.

Ethel Barrymore donated her services to the program of Barrie plays that were given at the Empire Theater for the Stage Women's War Relief fund—in fact, you could go through the list of Who's Who on the screen and find that all of them have done their share.

The men stars have worked hand in hand with the fairer favorites. "Bill Hart," in his wildest togs, startled Fifth Avenue into buying half a million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds in half an hour, and an apparently endless stream of men, women and children filed by, some of them obviously lending their utmost farthings for a chance to shake his hand. William Farnum, another record bond seller, works a great deal of the time through the Stage Women's War Relief.

The producers and film magnates have co-operated splendidly with the Stage Women. Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, puts the whole force of his stars and organization into making "Zukor Day" bring in the largest returns in every Loan drive, and William Fox gives his personal efforts to collecting individual subscriptions as well as national canvasses.

Mrs. William Farnum, as chairman of the Motion Picture Division, keeps Los Angeles luminaries in line. It was at her branch that many innovations were started, and New York, having learned that other progressives besides young Lochinvar can come out of the West, accepts the California suggestions quite humbly.

And now, not content with mobilizing the stars already on the screen, the Stage Women have established a Division of Films, for which the greatest stars, authors and directors have volunteered to give their services. Of course, this insures a result that money could not buy.

Each picture will be of two reels, and any author with a morning-after grouch had better beware of sending in a pessimistic scenario, for the stories must be the happiest that can be found. Propaganda will be let severely alone, and the only touch of morale will be the unconscious good cheer the plays and players will spread throughout the country.

David Belasco will make his bow to the movies in one of these pictures, and the first of the series, based on a story by Samuel Hopkins Adams, and with Macklyn Arbuckle and Miss Percy Haswell, has already been released. Among the other stars who have steadfastly refused all temptation to go in the films—and heaven knows they could resist anything after that—but who are waiting their turn to help the Stage Women's new departure, are Otis Skinner, Ruth Chatterton, Elizabeth Risdon, Henry Miller, Florence Nash and her already converted sister Mary, Shelley Hull, Minnie Dupree, Laura Hope Crews, Cyril Maude, Patricia Collinge, Bruce McRae, Virginia Fox Brooks and Julia Arthur, who will make this her second appearance on the screen (etc., etc.).

James Montgomery Flagg will write and design all the art titles, and anyone who has seen his clever comedies knows what that will mean as a finishing touch to these pictures.

When the public learns to know its favorites in this new light of working, thinking, tireless human beings, it will love them much more than in their old place of national toys, to be wound up to amuse and then put away on a mysterious shelf when the audience wants to go home. The inspiration of these men and women, whose doings are of paramount interest to the world at large, has undoubtedly helped to keep the country unflinchingly at work and marching along in step with our boys in France.

—Vera Bloom.

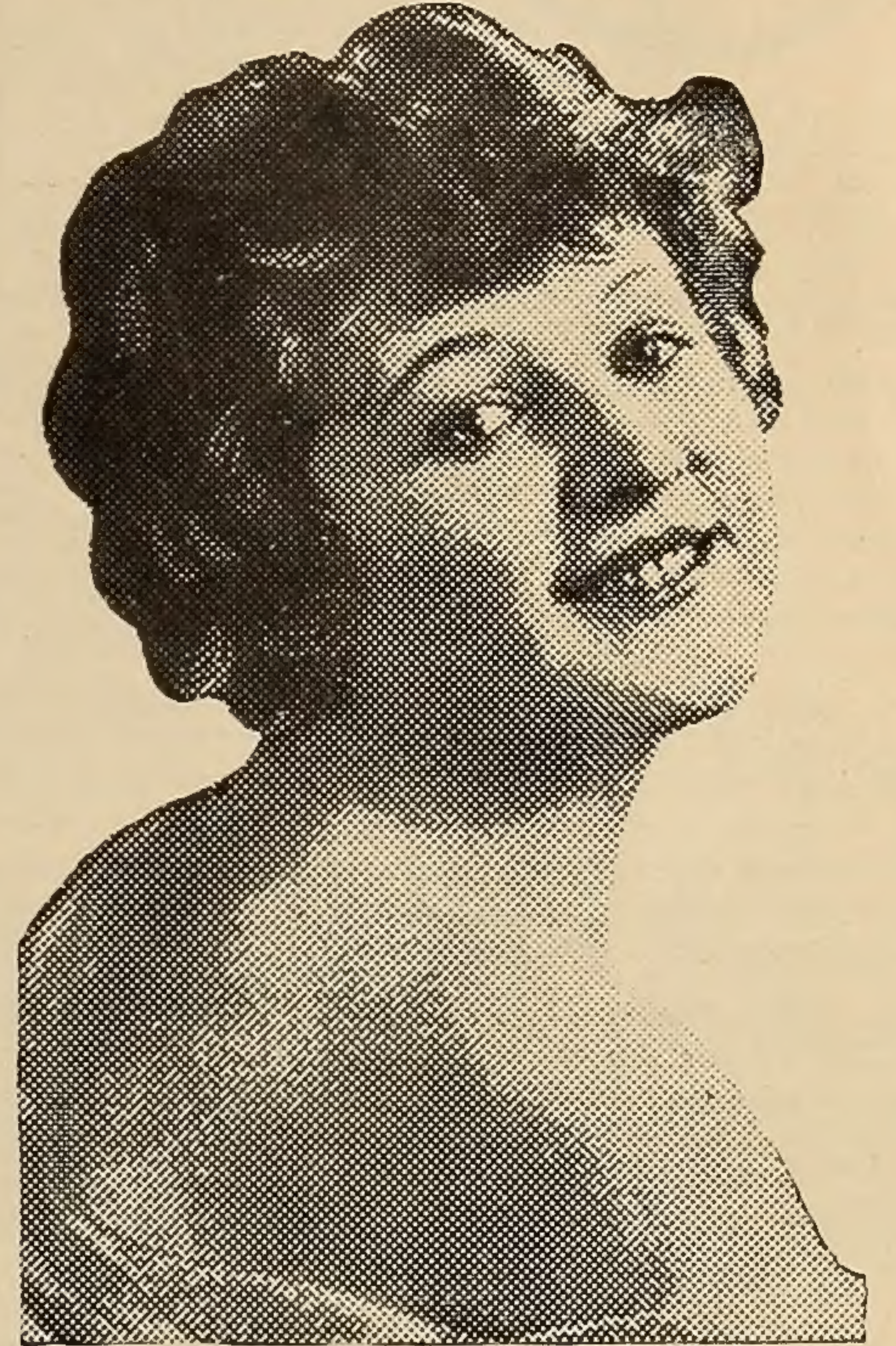
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"Yes, especially when a person is watching a motion picture."

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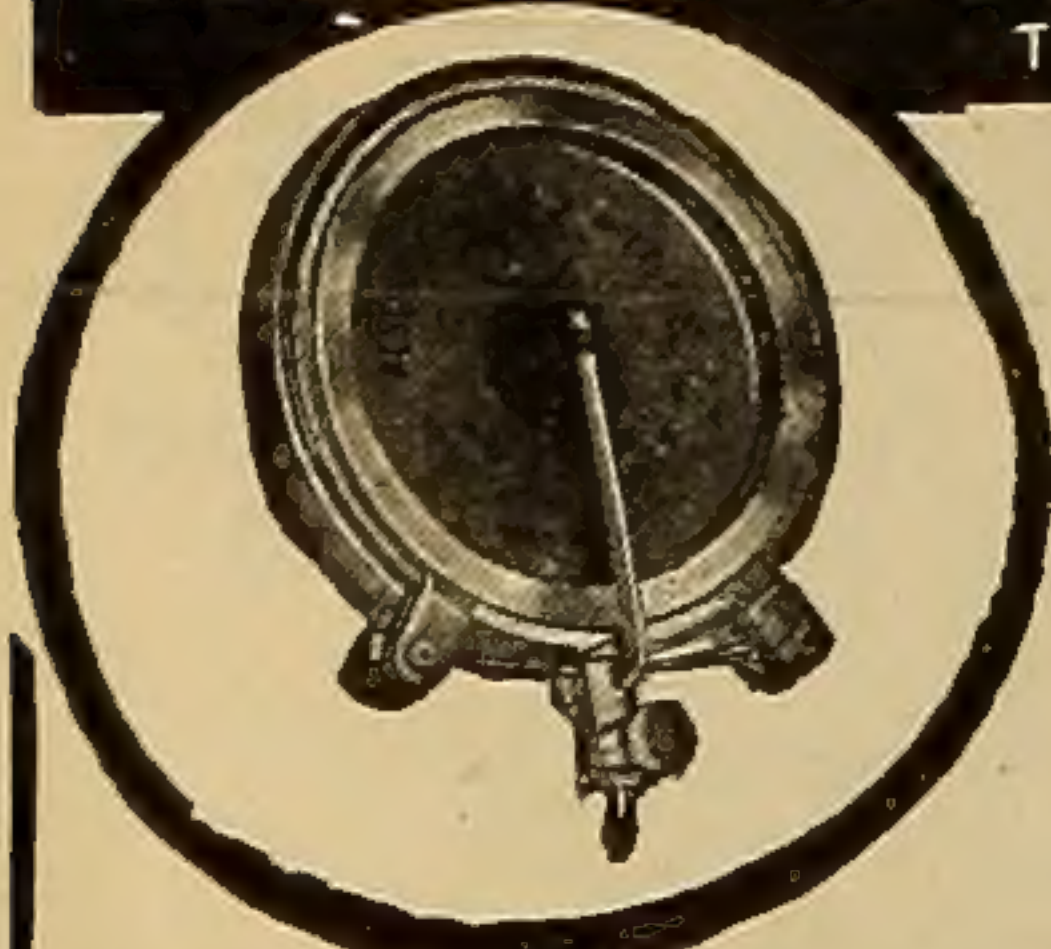
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"He Comes Up Smiling"

(Continued from page 26)

We open with Democracy, a young tree, sheltered and tended by Washington, and we show what our forefathers did that Liberty might live. They're sure to like that, and it's a good thing for all of us to remember just now. And then we go on to the time when the tree, a sturdy sapling now, is in danger from winds from the South and the North, which threaten to rend it. Lincoln hedged it about and saved it. Then we work in the idea of steadfastness, the principle that had its finest demonstration in the 'Message to Garcia.' The tree of Democracy is established and deep rooted by that time, ready to afford shelter to weaker, needy brethren.

"And at last we show the tree grown to its full height and full of fruit. It's a castor bean tree, this time, and Uncle Sam is forcing the beans, plenty of them, down the throat of the Kaiser, for his own good. Of course, I've included all the industries and have pictured the risks so willingly run in developing the airplanes.

"That's our first feature. Some of the scenes are filmed in New York and vicinity. This is to be circulated first in this country. It probably will not go over there. But 'Sic 'Em, Sam,' is to go to France next week. We've revised it and eliminated the Liberty Loan appeal. Shortly following it, we will send the 'Habit of Happiness,' which I did for Triangle two or three years ago, and this will be used in this country, too. Along with the features, which we will probably be able to issue every three or four weeks, will be short pictures, one, two and three reels, which emphasize some feature of the four big ideas—purity, cheerfulness, steadfastness and willingness to sacrifice.

"One of the things people need to learn is to sing. I don't know just exactly how we are to get at that, but probably we will be able to work out some practical idea."

I'm no maker of allegories, but I'm willing to make a prophecy concerning this infant industry about which there's so much solicitude at present. Most of us have seen some plant that throve persistently in the face of hard conditions, transplanted so that earth and sun and atmosphere afforded it the right

opportunity. The first thing it does is to shed the shriveled, unhealthy leaves. And then it puts on all loveliness. Wouldn't it be reasonable to suppose that pictures in this new estate will just naturally outgrow the censor tribulations and blue laws and the shriveling effect of sex and problem photo-plays and minister to truth as they were meant to do?

—J. N. B.

A Movie Post-mortem

(Continued from page 24)

but she is *not* interested in last week's adventure. The situation, Mrs. Smith, is really very simple. Two men are in love with Meg besides the Rajah. But the Rajah knows where the secret papers are hidden that prove Meg is the heir-ess of the Crofton Estate. At least George and I think so. But you mustn't tell anybody, because we're going to send in a written solution and try to win the one thousand dollars in gold offered to anybody who can tell how the series is going to turn out. And if we get the thousand, I'm going to have a car. There's no reason why we shouldn't have a little runabout this summer, and George thinks if I could take a little spin every day, it would be good for my health.

You (with biting irony)—And now, Mrs. Smith, you understand all about it. (Mrs. Smith makes confused noises)

Your Wife—Why don't you explain it, since you're so awfully clever?

You—That's what I've been trying to do right along. You see, Mrs. Smith, Meg is up in the aeroplane, when all of a sudden she sees a speck in the sky—

Your Wife—She doesn't see that till after she finds the bomb with the lighted fuse.

You—Before!

Your Wife—After.

Mrs. Smith (abandoning hope of a rescue and saving herself)—I—I think I must be going. John is waiting for me, and—no, really, I can't stay another minute. (Endeavoring to smile brightly.) Some other evening you must tell me all about it.

And yet there are people who have a prejudice against the movies. Strange! Strange!

Tough

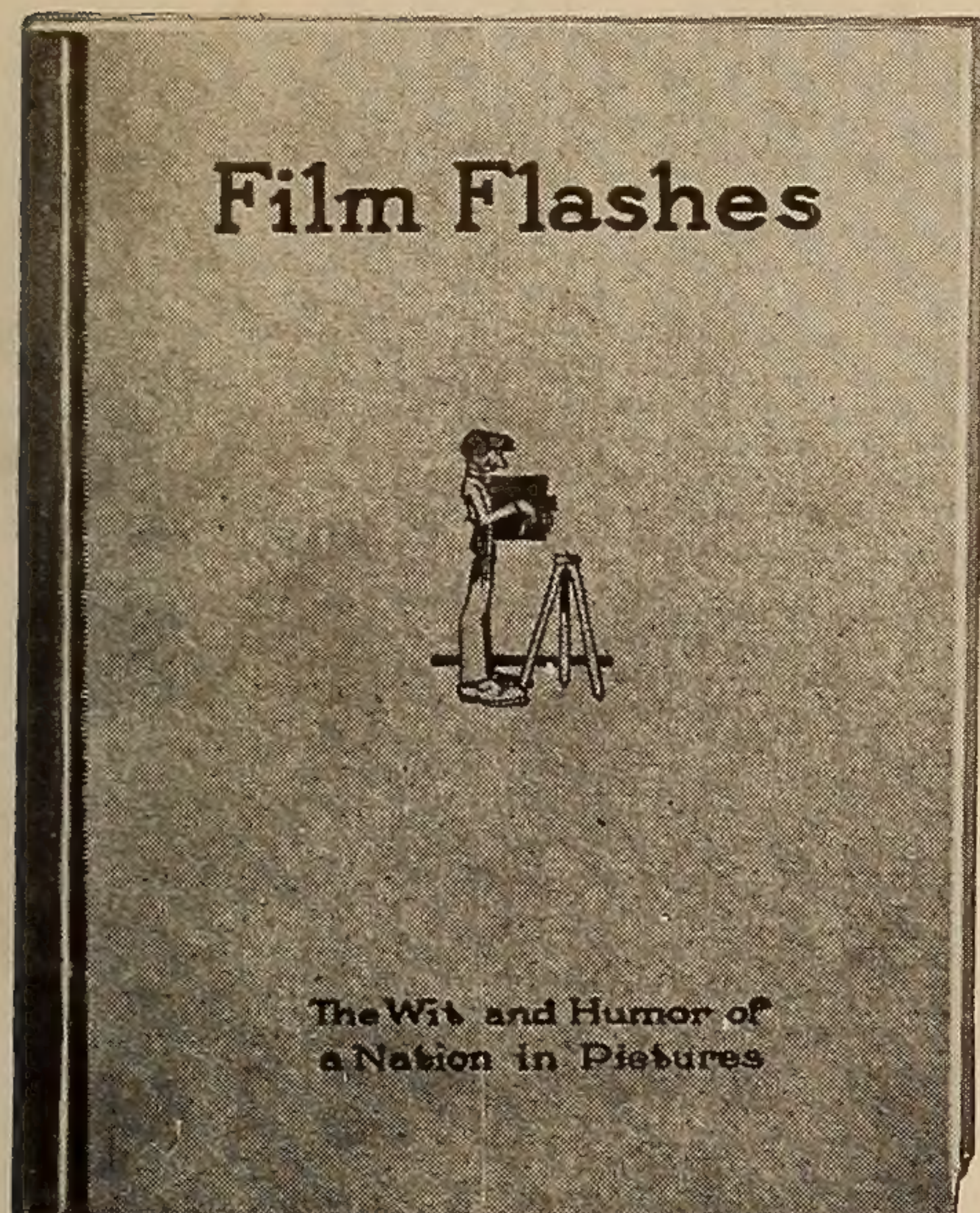
"What do you call real, hard luck?"

"Being in a small town the night the film fails to arrive at the only theater."

LAUGHS!

LAUGHS!

LAUGHS!



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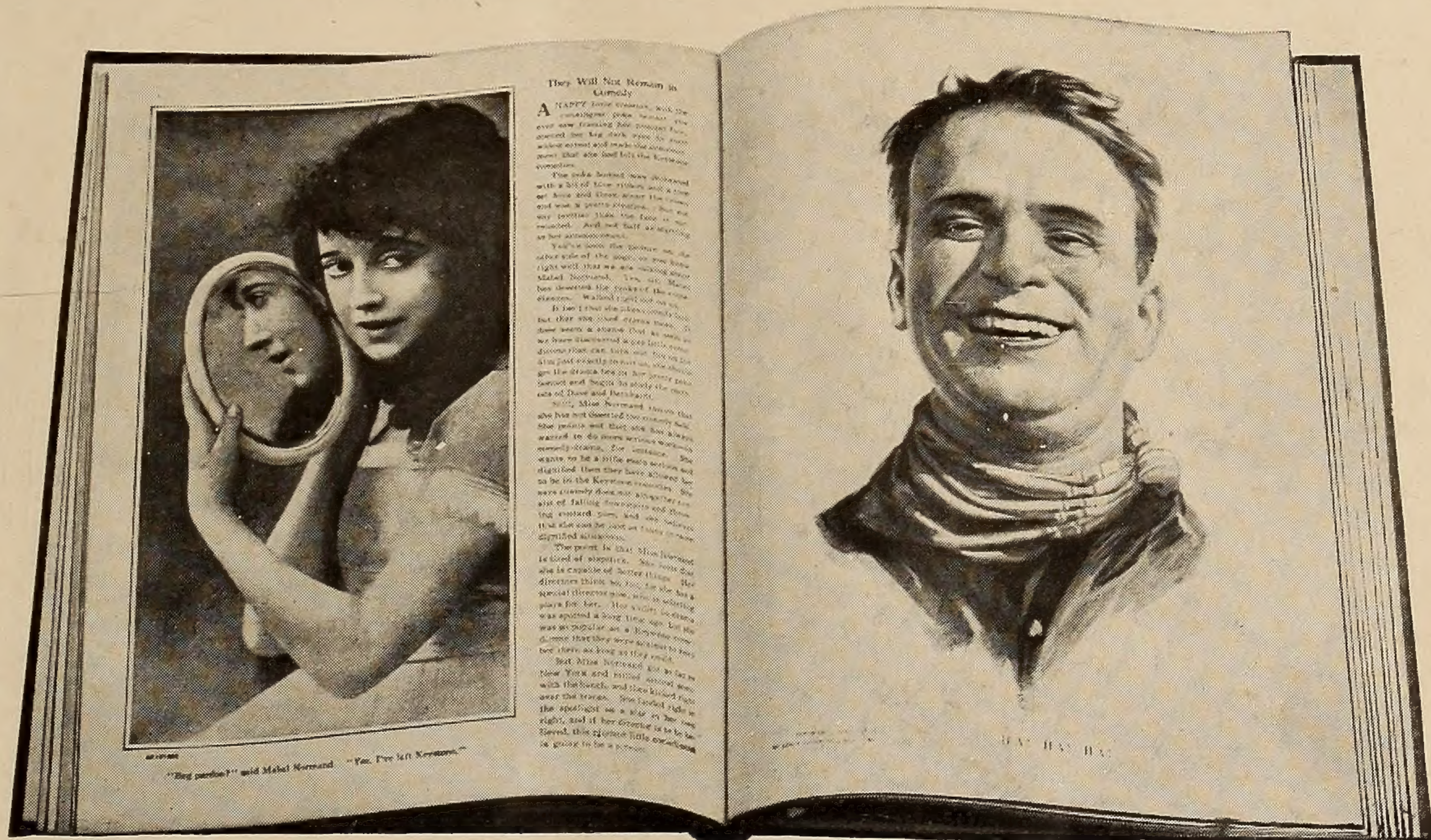
Lots of intimate secrets about film folks are revealed in such chapters as "On the Side Lines with the Director," "A Vampire Off Guard," "How to Become a Moving Picture Actress," "The Making of a Comedy," "Film-ville Portraits." Douglas Fairbanks takes you into his confidence about his

mountainous mail, with several characteristic letters; Bessie Barrascale discourses about stock raising; Blanche Sweet tells of the joys of chicken farming and of her "darling pigs," and Marguerite Clark has a word or two to say in favor of the simple life.

A very human, likable lot you'll find these moving picture artists, and FILM FLASHES furnishes just the sort of background that will make you enjoy their work all the more when you see them on the screen.

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